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HAD YOUR XMAS GIFT YET? *See Page 14.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 653 | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1918. | TWOPENCE.

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

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MONTHLY

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GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., London.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Begin and finish the day, with

MILKMAID CAFÉ AU LAIT.

No complaint on the grounds of strength, nor yet on the strength of the "grounds."

Prepared in England by the proprietors of Nestlé's Milk and sold everywhere.

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If you have a sailor friend ask him about Adams Chiclets, the dainty candy-coated chewing gum.

He will tell you how delicious the candy is; how the pure gum prevents thirst and keeps the mouth moist and sweet.

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Adams and Beeman's
Pepsin, Black Jack and Sen-Sen Chewing Gum.
All at **5d.** the Packet.

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What it means in food.

In food, good quality means nourishment to sustain life and build up the body.

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 653. Week ending Saturday, December 7th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Editor's Election Manifesto.

This will appear in our issue of next week—by which time Mr. Bottomley's plans in connection with the General Election will have been definitely settled. We shall at the same time give a list of various Candidates whom we shall recommend for support.

Our Cover Design.

We shall shortly be returning to peace times, when we shall restore the picture on our cover to either its pre-war or some new design; and we have decided to offer a prize of £100 for what we may consider to be the best suggestion for a new frontispiece, whether we adopt it or not. Mere sketches will suffice—complete drawings are not necessary.

As We Were.

You will observe that we have this week reinstated the Devil in the title of these notes—his understudy, the Kaiser, having retired from the cast.

Tommy and the Election.

Thus writes one of the lads from the front: "Hundreds of Tommies have torn their cards up. Their argument is, let them come home first, and *then* have an election." Oh, that "Mandate"!

Soldiers' Letters.

It is of the utmost importance, now that fighting is over and an election is pending, that the correspondence of soldiers should no longer be censored. 'Nuff said!

A Short History.

Thus does a reader, "after a sleepless night," summarise the history of Germany: "Conceived in Sin (Forged telegram); Born in Iniquity (1870—1871); Perished in Infamy (1914—1918)." Wants some beating.

Election Surprises.

The Coalition is not altogether happy about the prospects in those Divisions where there are more than two candidates. You must look out for some rare turn-ups, as they say in sporting circles.

Coming Events?

What is the game of the *Westminster Gazette* in publishing a Thought for the Day in German? Surely it should be an offence against "Dora" to print such guttural gibberish as "*ich rate dire gut.*" What is the Vigilante Society doing?

A New Name.

A reader suggests that the new name and title of the Kaiser should be William Potsdam—him!

Starving Germans

What about supplying them with diving costumes and letting them go down and recover some of the cases of food their U-boats sank?

A Warning to S.W. St. Pancras.

Whomsoever else the electors of this Division vote for, they should give a wide berth to Mr. H. J. Comyns Carr—a junior barrister, whose war record is no credit to his profession.

Roosevelt *v.* Wilson.

There should be some fun if Colonel Roosevelt follows Mr. Wilson over here. Already the American papers are full of it. And for the Popularity Stakes we are not sure which of the two runners will end up favourite.

Official Profiteering.

Despite the most extravagant expenditure in many directions, the Liquor Control Board has in two years made a profit of over £272,000 out of Government swipes and coloured water. But the returning Tommies will put an end to that sort of thing.

Enemy Furniture.

We hear that many of the big London store rooms are simply groaning with furniture and other goods belonging to interned enemy aliens; also that Prince Lichnowsky's things are at a North London repository. Of course, we don't suggest ——!

Official.

The other day we received a letter from one of our Prisoners of War Camps, and we notice that in replying to it we are to refer to No. 6390 P: X—987,654,321. Whether the latter figures mean that the Camp contains nearly a thousand million prisoners, or that it has sent out that number of letters, we cannot say.

British Musicians.

"Prior to the war," writes an English bandsman, "I had to describe myself as a dirty Austrian before I could get an engagement." We must not take these words too literally, but they convey a big truth. And the scandal must end.

A Lower Deck Candidate.

Good luck to Warrant Officer Cronin, R.N., who after serving 26 years on the Lower Deck, has come out as Jack's candidate for the Gillingham Division.

The War Trophies.

We would suggest that a captured gun, or some other war trophy, be mounted on a plinth in every town and village in the Kingdom, on the sides of which should be inscribed the names of the local heroes who fell in the war. Such a memorial would be a shrine

Bravo, Northcliffe!

All honour to the *Daily Mail* for placing a daily column at the disposal of the Labour Party. But we hope it will be the *real* Labour Party—not the Hendersons, Lonsburys and Macdonalds. *That* would do harm instead of good. Let *them* have their own paper.

Tommy at Sea.

Here is a little story told us by Mr. Harry Preston, the sporting proprietor of the Royal York Hotel at Brighton. He was present, with Lieut.-Commander "Dick" Preston, at the first U-boat surrender, and near by was a tug containing several hundred wounded Tommies, who had been allowed to witness the ceremony. And when it was all over they gave three cheers—for "Bottomley and John Bull."

Callous to the Last.

By the way, we hear that most of the U-boat crews, when surrendering, flaunted their *Lusitania* medals. They ought to have been torn off by British sailors.

Watch America.

You knew that phrase would come, didn't you? Both Britain and France, says the Prime Minister, are considering the capacity of Germany to pay the cost of the war. But "I am not quite sure about the Americans." We are!

Business Government Candidates.

As it was found impracticable for us to give the necessary attention to organise, in time for this election, a series of candidatures under the auspices of the Business Government League, we have effected a friendly compact with the National Party in regard to certain constituencies, whilst we are giving our personal assistance, in various ways, to several other candidates, who are standing on Independent, Business lines.

Salt and Savour.

Like most other things, salt has gone up in price during the war, but, of course, nobody has been profiteering—oh, dear no! However, just as a matter of curiosity, we may state that the net earnings of the Salt Union, Limited, in 1914, were £35,443; in 1916 they rose to £326,555. The figures for 1917, Sir Albert Stanley tells us, are not yet available. Probably they'll cap the lot, the export prices per ton having more than doubled since the war started. Paying stuff, salt!

Dangerous Sentiment.

The Government should turn a deaf ear to the sentimental plea that is being raised on behalf of the Sinn Fein prisoners. As surely as ever these firebrands are released, they will begin to stir up trouble, and the present state of Ireland is far too critical to allow of such risks being taken. There is neither reason nor equity in the suggestion that our victory over the Germans should be made a pretext for clemency towards traitors at home.

Already!

"It may interest your readers to learn," writes a West End shopkeeper, "that to-day, at my place of business, I received a call from a typical pre-war Hun tout—glib, well-fed, and bringing-carrying samples of fancy goods which he averred to be of genuine British manufacture." When challenged, it appears, the oily Teuton made no secret of his nationality, and was promptly shown the door. What we *should* like to know is the name of the firm whose goods the smooth-tongued rascal was employed to sell.

The Rector's Little Error.

The Rector of Copdock, Ipswich, is hard-up for a young woman to do double duty as cook-general. He advertises the attractions of a country rectory and church, offers "wages according to experience," but comes a decided cropper by impertinently adding, "Munition girls not desired." That is a direct affront to many domestics who helped the country in its need, and who, willing to return to service, deserve no such silly taunt from the pen of a flabby-minded rector.

Swine Fever and 'Flu.

In these columns we suggested that America might send some of her "bacon" to the Germans—and make them eat it! In our 'Letter Bag" was another notion, namely, that influenza was really swine fever, so many symptoms being identical. Newcastle seems to have utilised both ideas, for its Food Committee says that the influenza epidemic was caused by bad bacon, while a doctor of the city has treated 400 patients for swine fever instead of the 'flu, and has found the treatment efficacious. If you see it in JOHN BULL——!

Houses for Heroes.

"This is to be," says Mr. Lloyd George, "a country fit for her heroes to live in; no slums for war winners." It is a consummation devoutly to be wished—for, already, men coming back to town find nothing but slumlike houses within the price of their purse—a decent, four-roomed flat at 14s. a week being hard to obtain. A soldier with 24 years' service, one of Mr. George's heroes, is tramping town seeking a habitation for his household gods, either on his own hook or as caretaker; but slums only are on offer so far. The housing problem—always including the "No children" outrage—does certainly require immediate attention.

What is Newton Doing?

Lord Newton is running up a heavy score. He needn't think he will escape payment. We should like to know how many hours he, Mr. James Hope, M.P., and Mr. Ley spend daily at their office, and what steps they have taken to expedite the repatriation of prisoners in camps near to the frontier, and quite accessible.

An Insulting Advert.

Thus an advertisement in the *Manchester Guardian*: "University graduate, Baltic provinces, wishes to exchange German language and literature against English." Whether the advertiser is a Hun or a Finn, a Pole or a Prussian, the exchange proposed is an insulting one, and an affront to the patriotic readers of the Manchester journal. Our contemporary should take more pains to keep its columns clean.

An Idle Colliery.

One man, released from the army for the mines, was happy in the chance of at last earning a little money for his wife and children. But when he got to his job, at Birtley, he found the pit on strike, the men out since October 28th, and no apparent prospect of a re-start. He, and many others, are willing to work, to hew coal for the country, but they cannot and may not. The Mines Minister has been remiss in allowing the situation to get out of hand.

A Harsh Proceeding.

In our view it is a most unjust action on the part of the London County Council to raise the rents of their tenants on the Totterdown Estate at Tooting. It is scandalous that such a step should be taken at a time when many of the tenants are still serving with the forces, nor, indeed, does the increase appear justifiable upon financial grounds seeing that, according to the Council's last statement of accounts, there was a surplus on the year's working of the Estate of £1,293. Does the increase of Rents Act afford no protection to the tenants of a public authority?

Too Bad!

None had a better right to share in the armistice celebrations than the wounded heroes whose valour had helped to win the glorious victory. Yet here and there these brave lads were scurvily treated. Two convalescent soldiers at a Lancashire hospital, each of whom had lost a leg, had leave to spend the joy-day with their friends at a distance, and, in the crowded state of the streets at nightfall, it seemed unwise for them to attempt the return journey. On reporting next morning at the hospital, they were fined 10 days' pay. We do not envy those responsible for this gross abuse of disciplinary power.

A Murderous Rule.

It is time that an end was made of the stupid and dangerous War Office rule which discourages civilian doctors from attending soldiers, even in cases of emergency. At Wolverhampton Private W. N. Hill, of the Staffordshire Regiment, taken ill with influenza, had the greatest difficulty in obtaining treatment at the hands of the military, and when finally a civilian doctor was called in, the poor fellow was dead. If the sick man had been promptly assisted by the nearest available agency, instead of being compelled to wait for military medical attention, he might have been alive to-day. Are the War Office authorities impervious to the claims of humanity and reason?

Shameful Leniency.

The farmer, Oswald Smith, of Beverley, whose boy "hand" died through the employer's neglect, has got off with a fine of £20, including costs. As Smith was, in law, acting in *loco parentis*—that is, in place of a parent—to this boy, the sentence is shamefully inadequate. Long terms of imprisonment for manslaughter have been inflicted for lighter offences.

No Parents Need Apply.

Dear, dear! The owners of "Rosslyn," Pellhurst Road, Ryde, will not allow Lady Pocock to sublet her house to anybody having children, as he has some old tenants next door. What queer old people they must be! They'd be much more comfortable in an almshouse. But we should like to provide another sort of domicile for the landlord.

In Wild Wales.

Land Army girls at the Forestry Camp, Aberyskir, Brecon, have a rough time. If the weather is dry their wage is 25s. weekly, out of which they pay their own board and lodging. If the weather is wet, they get no pay at all—and have to find board and lodging out of that! A girl, down with influenza, was obliged to send for her mother to nurse her, as there was then nobody else to do it. We understand two nurses are now on the spot, but the incident reveals terribly bad management.

Real Workers.

At Port Talbot dock, eight cranemen, drivers, have done the work of double that number all through the war. Their hours of toil weekly have run from a minimum of 65½ up to as many as 100, in all weathers, without stop or complaint, including Saturday nights and Sundays. They have never had thanks or gift, and not even one O.B.E. has gone their way. But, when they took their very first "rest" on Armistice Day, they were most promptly docked of their pay. The Company owes them a big debt of gratitude, and will *owe* it, evidently.

The German Waiter.

The Board of Trade suggests that all "loyal Germans" now interned should be put to work of national importance, including waiting. The German waiter was always a spy, an enemy, and a rogue—while his organisation was so complete that he ousted the British waiter. His huge agencies, notably in the Shaftesbury Avenue district, hotbeds of conspiracy as they were, must never again be opened. And the Board of Trade must be told that a "loyal German" is non-existent; the term itself is shameless farce. It is of "national importance" that the Huns be speeded back to their Fatherland.

What a Shame!

The following lament is from a battered old warrior, one who fought in the American Civil War, the poor old fellow having since fallen on evil days, and become an inmate of the West Ham Workhouse. "On the Monday night, when the whole of the Allied nations were rejoicing, we were forced to go to bed at 7 p.m., to lie in our darkened rooms and listen to the shouting and the fireworks outside; very depressing it was, too, to be sent to bed like a lot of naughty children, a punishment we did not deserve." Yet how easy it would have been to make the poor old souls happy, to give them a share of the joy and the brightness which belonged by rights to every patriot, however humble, on that unforgettable night!

Barring the Wedded.

Somebody is anxious to engage a young man as secretary and as supervisor of four small farms. He is to be well-educated, and "must be single." That stipulation is unjust to the married men who have done their bit and are looking for employment. If a man be competent for the work, he should not be barred because he is decently married.

Desirable Information.

Two interesting statements might—we said *might*—be made by the Ministry of Food. One is a true estimate of the quantity of foodstuffs at present held up in this country by the Ministry. And the other is a true return of the quantities of foodstuffs which have had to be destroyed because the Ministry have allowed them to go bad instead of distributing them. The two tables would make us open our eyes wider than ever.

Temps. at the P.L.A.

The poor "temps," we have always with us. Take the temporary clerks of the Port of London Authority, at £2 12s. per week. Compare them with the permanent staff, on higher wages and receiving war bonuses. Yet the duties of the lowlier ones are as onerous as those of the bigger bugs, and their hours are longer. If away ill, a "temp." has no pay, but must make up the time lost and the arrears of work. The footing of all doing equal work should be an equal one.

From the Army.

C. Devereux, of Weybread, Harleston, has advertised for a shepherd and for a yardman and labourer. Soldiers who have served may be gratified to note that C. Devereux has "no objection" to men "from the Army if capable and willing." He may mean well, but he has a queer way of putting it. His "no objection" phrase is like a man accepting the V.C. under pressure. What he needs to get into his little mind is the fact that, should he secure the services of a man "from the Army," he will be highly honoured and very lucky.

The "Mail Order" Stunt.

The "Mail Order Business" is a Yankee notion much exploited here just now. It is a flat-trap; a flat, being caught, must catch other flats to make unworthy profit. A "Mail Order Business, worked anywhere by anyone," was advertised for 22s. by John Iverson, 50, Ship Street, Brighton. An inquirer for particulars received a request for the money in a hurry: "Do not wait to consider; we have done that for you." In return, Iverson promised "instructions" how to start a business, wholesale, retail—or oxtail, perhaps! Anybody with a few pounds will wisely let the Mail Order stunt severely alone.

To Sit Apart.

While in Dover, one of the Waacs, originally a nurse, met her soldier brother by lucky accident. He was convalescent, having been wounded by shrapnel, and weak through giving some of his blood to a dying comrade. The girl was proud to look after her brother and to take him out, one memorable occasion being a concert in the Y.M.C.A. hut. That, however, was quite spoiled, for the Hut boss, in officer's uniform, refused to let brother and sister sit together, though informed of the relationship. So they walked out. It may be a "Regulation," but it is a rotten regulation, anyway.

To the Police.

We have a message for the men of the London police force from soldiers of New Zealand who expect to be soon going home. They wish us to express for them their appreciation of the unvarying kindness of the men in blue, in directing and guiding them, in helping wounded men through the traffic, and in many other ways. We are pleased to be the medium for this salute, because it shows a fine feeling on both sides.

Chinks or Britons?

The British seaman will be badly rewarded for his ceaseless heroism if shipowners persist in the policy of shunting him for Asiatics. The other day a steamship came to Hull, paid off its British crew, and sought for Chinamen to take their places. The Chinese labour engaged for war purposes is no longer wanted, and the men should go home. At least, they should not be engaged on British vessels west of Suez.

The A.B.C.

In a London police-court a laborious attempt was made to whitewash the Aerated Bread Company in the matter of the salaries it pays its manageresses. But—wisely, perhaps—no word was said regarding the wages of the waitresses. They get 15s. 6d. a week, and that includes a war-bonus. There is a small commission and some small food in addition, but there are deductions to set against that. "The wages of sin is death"—but the wages of the A.B.C. is Hell!

Rats!

The rat nuisance has been tackled in these columns—but not by the Minister for Agriculture, or by the Sanitary authorities, who are equally concerned. Rats have done, and are doing, an enormous amount of damage to the wheat and other crops; their havoc is apparent all over the country. The horrid part is that the dirt they leave behind them in the stacks is liable to be milled with flour, and that spells plague. We should copy Sydney's example, and award a sum for every rat killed.

The Super-Nurse.

At St. Andrew's, Hayling, they want a Head Nurse. Listen to what else is wanted. She must take charge of 60 children. She must train six probationers and two night nurses. She is required to be tactful, good-tempered, well-educated, and a good disciplinarian. She is told, rather unnecessarily, that hers will be "not a soft job," and that she will receive "no luxuries." The lucky paragon of all the virtues who secures the berth will have a salary of—you would never guess it!—£48 a year. Neither the tone of the advert. nor that salary strikes us as nice.

Shanghaied.

A hospital ship arrived at Southampton early the other morning with about 340 wounded and sick aboard. Among them were two mercantile marine ratings. After breakfast, all were promptly transferred to hospital trains—except the merchant seamen. *They* were left on stretchers on the wharf, all in the bitter weather, because, as they did not belong to the Service, there was nobody to deal with them. During the day they were fed by kindly stewards, but they were still lying derelict at evening. Such gross neglect is revolting, and should never recur.

Cold and Coatless.

The Army Clothing Department has queer notions of the clothing necessary for the old policemen it employs. They have received a pair of trousers, a cavalryman's cap, and an unlined serge jacket. For this summery equipment, called a uniform, they are docked 2s. 6d. a week. The principal complaint, however, is that there is no overcoat, and some of the men's duties are particularly cold ones. The Department could so easily issue from stock.

Domestic Slavery.

Only too often we hear of domestic servants cruelly neglected and ill-treated, even to the gates of death. Now we are informed of a little drudge, an orphan girl of 15, who toiled in a household of invalids—she herself, most ill of all, receiving no medical advice. Instead, she was told, if she could not work, to go home. Her relatives called a doctor in, but he shook his head; it was too late. The little slave was speedily emancipated, for she died the following day. The marvel is that scare mistresses should be so unwomanly.

A Heartless Scheme.

One very senseless and cruel act, contemplated by the War Office and Local Government Board, was frustrated only by the peace prospects. Pembury Union and Infirmary, with over 300 old inmates from the South borough and Tonbridge districts, were ordered to be cleared out and given over to the military to serve as a school to teach girls motor-driving. The idea of evicting all those poor ancients—a third of them in bed ill—for such a purpose, was a wicked one, and it is good to know that the armistice has prevented the spectacle of an exodus so heartless.

Dear Bacon.

We have every sympathy with Alderman H. Robson, J.P., ex-Mayor of Bournemouth. As a grocer first and a Magistrate second, it is Mr. Robson's single-eyed endeavour to keep within the Food Regulations, but positively his assistants won't let him; short of standing over them with a dog-whip, there is no way of making them obey the law. Only the other day the wretches started selling cooked hams, at an excessive price, landing the "guv'nor" in the police-court, where the firm was fined £10. Ten pounds isn't such a lot, of course, but it looks so rotten bad. Those assistants will have to be spoken to.

An Agent's Impudence.

A bricklayer on the estate of Lord St. Oswalds, at Appleby, applied for an advance of wages—instead of which he received the following intimation from his Lordship's Agent, a Mr. Croft: "I am not prepared to raise your wages, so I suppose you must join the army of men on National Service, which, in other words, means profiteering out of the war at the country's expense." May we suggest that when next he is tempted to make an ass of himself with pen and paper, this gentleman should reflect for a moment what might have happened to us all if it had not been for the army of skilled workers to whom he so scornfully refers? As to wages, probably Mr. Croft might change his tune if he were engaged in strenuous manual labour, instead of in the milder calling he so scantily adorns.

Who Wants £1,000?

If you want to win £1,000, send in your "Bullet" at once. This is the last week of this special offer.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—You have made some excellent speeches on the subject of the "demobilisation" of munition workers, and now I am watching to see how far your cheerful forecasts are to be justified. My own view is that your Department, in conjunction with the Ministry of Labour acting through the Employment Exchanges, ought to make itself responsible for finding work for all who need it. What self-respecting men and women want is honest work at decent pay. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, United Free Church, Edinburgh.

POOR DEAR SIR,—You were just ready to throw up your holy hat in jubilation when you "noticed with regret that the glorious march to the Rhine had begun on the Sabbath." That did it. The victorious British Army had been guilty, so you said, of "a deliberate breach of the Divine Law," so in duty bound you had to pull a face like a fiddle. Nobody threw anything at you, for it was clear that you were genuinely upset. Are you eating anything yet? JOHN BULL.

To John W. Dennis, Esq., ex-Potato Controller.

DEAR MR. DENNIS,—In October last I wrote congratulating you upon the bounteous supply of "spuds" which you had secured for the nation in your capacity as Potato Controller. And I see that the President of the Board of Agriculture, in a recent speech, declared that it was this potato plenty which secured the country against starvation last winter. As with this view I am in no way disposed to disagree, and as I see you are a Coalition Candidate for the Deritend Division of Birmingham, I take the liberty of commending you to the constituency. I am the more impelled to this recommendation by seeing in your Address that you are a Business man in favour of Business methods of government. Good luck to you!

JOHN BULL.

To the Shipping Federation, 24, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

PATRIOTIC SIRS,—Young boys, then well within the age of apprenticeship to the mercantile marine, joined the Navy early in the war. After some years' service afloat they come to you with all that fine experience behind them, and are told you are unable to help them in any way to secure a berth as apprentice, *owing to their age*. Good God! the years they have given to their country are to debar them from serving at sea! It is time that your autocratic power was broken. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Weir, Air Minister.

DEAR LORD WEIR,—I believe it is considered very bad form in an airman to fall on people's heads or tumble among the chimney-pots; but, since accidents *will* happen, it would perhaps be as well if there were a clearer understanding as to liability for damage in such cases. One of my readers had his house knocked about the other day by a falling balloon. Although he has been visited by all sorts of officials, and has presented your Department with a full statement of his claim, he has not yet received a penny of compensation. In his dilemma the poor man comes to me for advice. What shall I tell him?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. Laity, Falmouth.

SIR.—I take it to be a moot point in medicine whether you are suffering from softening of the brain or merely from enlargement of the spleen. At any rate, I should be sorry to set down to pure malice your disgraceful statement at a Falmouth meeting that, in the course of the war, "the officers had not been doing their duty; had not been leading their men, but had been sheltering in their dug-outs." Every man who has been to the Front knows that this is a foul and baseless slander on the bravest lads who ever breathed. However, after the dressing down you got from your friends on the platform, there is little that I need say. Ask you relatives to take care of you for the future.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. D. Edmondes-Owen, Vicar of Llandovery.

DEAR SIR,—God bless you for your brave sermon on the terrible housing conditions in your town. Every word is true. There are, as you say, houses in the town in which a rich man would not stable his horses. "Are not men more important than hounds?" you ask. And the rich are ashamed to utter the answer that is in their hearts. Go on and prosper, sir! And let every true patriot re-echo your noble challenge: "The only rate I want to keep down is the death-rate." JOHN BULL.

To Frederick Schwind, Pork Butcher, Freeman Street, Grimsby.

UNWELCOME SIR,—You are, it appears, a naturalised German. Your wife is another. Together you run a pork-butcher's shop, the swine trade being very popular with people like yourself. You were fined £5 for selling corned beef without a coupon, and the Grimsby Magistrate said, as you had served neither this nor your own country during the last 4½ years, you should have been very careful to comply with the regulations. He was quite right. This country is fool enough to permit you to make money here, and the least you can do is to obey her laws. Or, would you rather go home again? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord D'Abernon, Chairman Liquor Control Board.

DEAR LIQUOR LORD,—My point this time is that I have heard of several cases during the recent epidemic where the inability to procure a small quantity of spirits during the greater part of the day, even in cases of acute emergency, without a doctor's certificate, has had disastrous and even fatal consequences. As you very well know, it has in many instances been utterly impossible for persons suddenly attacked to obtain medical assistance, and in such cases your ridiculous rule has worked the gravest mischief. However, it is a consolation to know that your days of misused power are numbered.

JOHN BULL.

CRUCIFIXION OF THE MIND.

BROKEN HEROES DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.

Our heroes suffering mentally from shell-shock are still being herded with confirmed lunatics, thus being robbed of as much of the pleasure of life as they are still capable of enjoying. As an illustration of what we mean, we are able to state on undeniable authority, not that of a patient, what happened at one of these so-called "mental hospitals" the other day when the whole country was mad with joy at the overthrow of the Hun. Here is the statement just as it reaches us: "On Monday night, when the armistice had been announced, the patients were sent to bed at 7 p.m., and were not allowed even to cheer. At 8 p.m. the officers and orderlies had a dance and concert. Most of the orderlies, nurses and doctors are the old civilian staff, and have never been away from the asylum." Every one of the patients, remember, was a hero, who had faced the tornado of shot and shell for four years past; their reward in the moment of victory was to lie forgotten in their beds, listening to the faint echoes of the revelry they were not even permitted to watch, let alone to share. Is it any wonder that these men, many of whom are quite as sane as thousands who remain at large, should be filled with a deep resentment at the conditions of their treatment? "My great hope," writes a former patient, "is that you will be able to secure the release of hundreds of other poor devils who have done their bit, and who are now being held in these places." Passing the War Office, we are sometimes driven to wonder whether no single human heart beats behind that bold façade of stone.

OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE TO WORKER'S INJURIES.

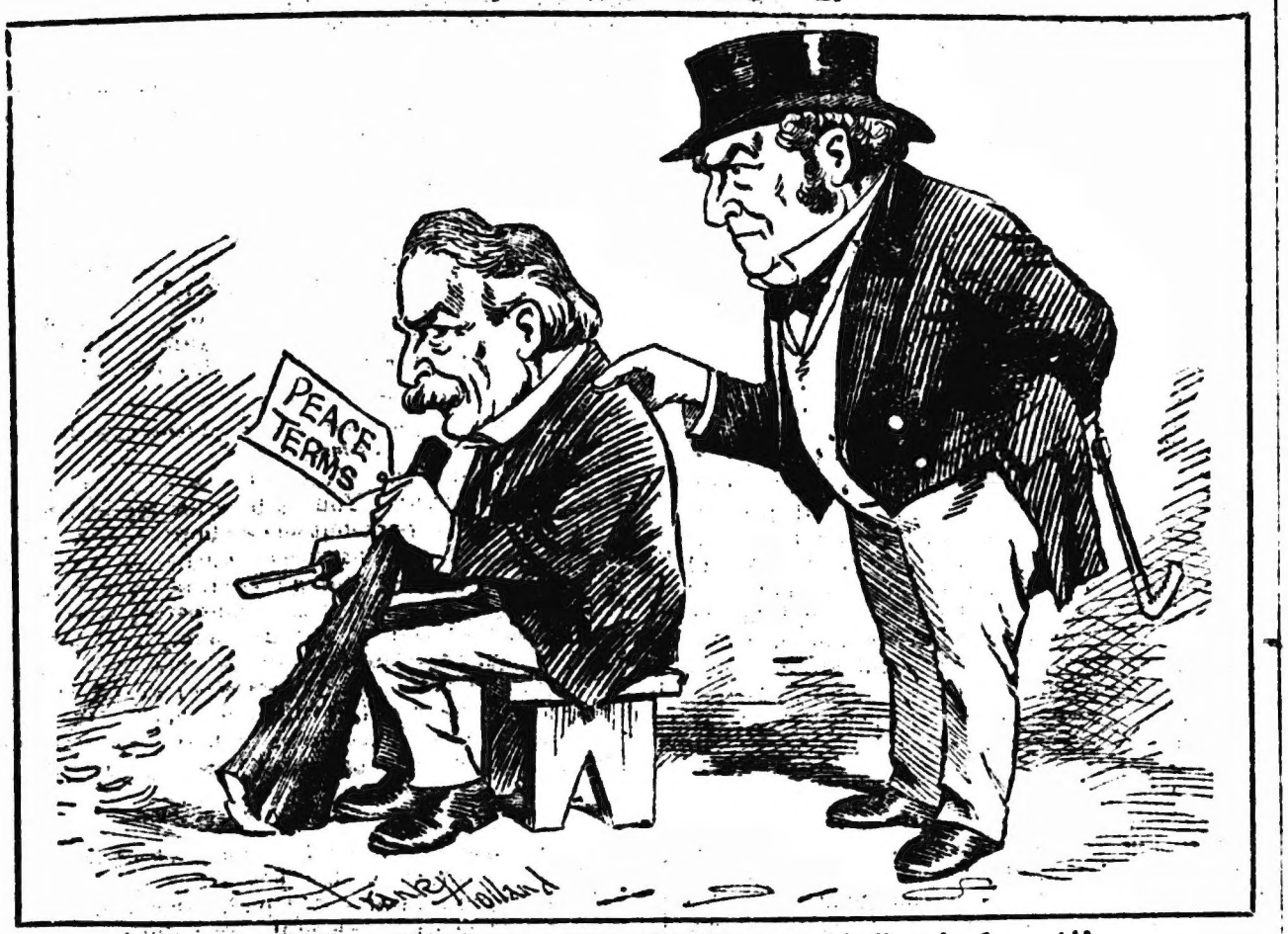
The casualties of warfare are not confined to the battlefield; in the ranks of civilian labour the note of tragedy recurs. Among these painful instances of helpless suffering is a case reported from Woolwich Arsenal, the victim being a woman worker—a young widow, struggling to make a living. Before long the strain of constant labour proved too great, and in the enfeebled state of the worker's health, a slight injury to the hand developed serious consequences. Blood poisoning set in, and the poor woman became seriously ill, having to give up her work and undergo hospital treatment. In these circumstances she was entitled to sick pay from the Arsenal authorities, but there were scandalous and inexcusable delays in payment. It was partly on this account, no doubt, that the patient returned too soon to her duties, thus inviting further trouble. Septic gatherings on the fingers and abscesses on the body denoted the spread of the poisoning, yet even then there seems to have been no honest recognition of the worker's incapacity, and in the absence of regular sick pay the poor woman was compelled to struggle on till the point of complete breakdown was reached. In the muddle and confusion which have marked the whole business, it is difficult to ascertain the exact amount of arrears, but the slipshod method of payment has thrown the widow's humble finances entirely out of gear, while for the last three months, as we understand, there has been an entire cessation of benefit—on the ground that the case was "under consideration"!

ALL ABOUT A BILLIARD TABLE.

VICAR WHO CLAIMS WHAT YOUNG MEN BOUGHT.

A curious situation has arisen in connection with a Club originally formed by young fellows of St. Andrew's Parish, Lambeth. For the Club they bought a billiard table on the hire-purchase system, and they paid for it out of the proceeds of charges for games. Subsequently, all of them joined the Army; some have laid down their young lives for us, and the others look forward to coming home. But it appears now that the Vicar, the Rev. T. Walton, imagines that the table belongs either to him or to the Parish. He sets out that claim in the pages of his Parish Magazine. He has come to the parish since the lads bought the table; he must be aware that they ordered it and paid for it—but he writes that he has "never before heard such a monstrous proposition as this: that because they pay for their games the table becomes theirs." That is the wrong way to put it; the correct way is to say that, as they bought and paid for the table, it *is* theirs. We can see nothing "monstrous" about that proposition, and it is idle to speak of the table as "parochial property." The Vicar pleads for unity, but his other words do not back up that plea, nor is the matter to be settled by his hoity-toity demand that objectors shall "either re-consider their position or quietly retire." That is too high-handed an attitude to adopt towards young men who own the table by right of purchase. If the Vicar will "re-consider his position" and cheerfully acknowledge the rights of those lads, he would probably find them not difficult to deal with. That is the way to secure the unity for which he yearns.

THE BIG STICK.



JOHN BULL: "Now, my dear David, no whittling it down!"

AN EARL AND HIS TENANTS.

SCURVY REWARD FOR PATRIOTIC EFFORT.

Whether owing to the war he is beginning to feel the draught, or whatever other reasons may have animated his noble mind, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot has lately sold a large part of his valuable Worcestershire estate. After a very short period of ownership the new purchasers have offered for sale by auction 32 tidy farms, 582 acres of woodland with mining and mineral rights, several building sites, and a nice little public-house with bar and smoke-room complete, "the whole producing from old-fashioned rentals about £4,000 per annum." In a sweet and appealing letter to his tenants, the noble Earl explained in September last that it is not on his own account—perish the thought!—that he sold their farmsteads over their heads. "I think it desirable," he explains, "for the benefit of my heirs not to retain so much landed property." No doubt the gentlemen named, or as many of them as have yet managed to get born, will be deeply obliged to the Earl for his delicate consideration, but to say that the farmers and other tenants admire his action would be to tell a lie and please the Devil. As a matter of fact, they complain loudly—almost loudly enough to wake the whole line of Shrewsburys back to the time of Billy the Norman. For one thing, they think it very harsh and inconsiderate that they should be turned out of their farms at a time when, at the request of the Government, they have lately spent a lot of extra capital and labour in increased food production. This looks like a good point, but it didn't stop the sale of the estate in lots by the new owners. In the next place, the agricultural tenants argue that six months' notice to quit next March is not nearly good enough in these difficult times, and that, in all the circumstances, they ought to have had twelve months' warning at the very least. However, there it is. The auction sale has taken place, the farms have gone down under the hammer, and out the tenants must go; for, of course, we are an orderly and nicely-behaved people, and if real Earls with pedigrees as long as a lamp-post didn't have their own way, the Germans might even yet give Foch the slip.

UNANSWERED QUERIES.

POLITICS AND FINANCE IN THE Y.M.C.A.

Was there any need for the Under Secretary for War to evade the plain question recently addressed to him in the House of Commons in regard to the Y.M.C.A.? In very civil terms the right hon. gentleman was asked "whether he had any official information showing that the Young Men's Christian Association huts in France were being used as propaganda centres for certain political views; and whether he would make full enquiry into the matter, so that huts provided by national generosity should not be used in promoting, directly or indirectly, any political cause?" Now we happen to know that there were very solid ground for this suggestion, put forward by the hon. and gallant member for Christchurch; but Mr. Macpherson's reply was disappointing. In our judgment, he ought to have stated plainly that the use of Y.M.C.A. huts for political purposes was thoroughly undesirable, and that if anything of the kind was brought to his notice, Sir Arthur Yapp and Company might expect to hear from him. It could have been said politely, of course, and in such a way as to hurt nobody's feelings, for the opportunity for a timely warning was too good to be missed. A mere disclaimer of official information and a tepid promise to "make enquiries" was not good enough. The second question was no less interesting, the Financial Secretary to the War Office being invited to state "whether in the Young Men's Christian Association huts in France trading was carried on at a profit; whether there was independent auditing of the funds of this Society; and if so, who was the independent auditor?" Apparently the Financial Secretary was not in the House at the moment, and of course Mr. Macpherson knew nothing about it. Nevertheless, the question is one that ought to be answered. Indeed, upon both the points raised the public have a right to be fully re-assured. In the extensive work for the troops the Y.M.C.A. authorities are virtually trustees for the public, and as such they have no right to resent such criticism as is implied in the foregoing questions. May we expect to hear from Sir Arthur Yapp?

THE MURPHY MUDDLE.

WHY THE POTATO MARKET WENT EMPTY.

From bad to worse has gone the potato scandal. The shortage has become acute, and once more the pitiful queues have lined up. There are plenty of potatoes in the country, enough and to spare for all of us. But, because of new regulations, they must lie where they are and rot. The most stupid of all the recent rules is the one that orders growers to pack their potatoes in Government bags, or not at all. Regarding this feature, hear the opinion of a London market-man:—"Millions of rubbishy bags have been made by this Food Ministry which after getting wet will be useless, while we who have traded here have millions of bags in hand." The potato supply was satisfying everybody until the Controller's new regulations were made in November, but from that moment the markets stood practically empty. The precious Control Scheme has only hampered growers, dealers, and buyers. Such senseless regulations must be swept away—lock stock and barrel.

ANOTHER EVICTION SCANDAL.

FARMER'S INGRATITUDE FOR LIFELONG SERVICE.

Before joining the Army, Private Bowsher, of Rowde, Devizes, was in the employ of Mr. Taylor, of the Manor Farm. On enlistment he was given clearly to understand that his wife and family would be allowed to remain in their cottage, but this honourable obligation sat lightly on Mr. Taylor. For a time the wife endeavoured to stave off the evil day by milking the farmer's cows at a shilling a morning, but her health proved unequal to the extra labour. Considering the husband had worked for him for 20 years, Mr. Taylor ought not to have needed any such bribe to respect the woman's rights. However, to his lasting discredit, he went to the Magistrates at Devizes for an Ejectment Order; and they, to their shame, granted it. As is generally the case in country districts, there was no other cottage to be found—so finally the soldier's furniture was bundled into the roadway, and his wife and family turned out of doors. The painful story is of a kind that has become only too familiar; but when we find a landlord behaving in this heartless fashion, and a Bench of Magistrates aiding and abetting him, we feel it our duty to protest.

POISONING THE PUBLIC.

FOOD MINISTRY AND A DISEASED BULLOCK.

Back in the summer we called attention to the fact that a Tiverton butcher, Mr. S. J. Chilcott, had, very properly as we thought, refused to accept and pay for a cancerous bullock allotted to him at Tiverton market—with the result that he was denied further meat supplies and his customers transferred to rival tradesmen. The matter was raised in the late Parliament, Sir Edward Carson, M.P., administering the *coup de grace*. "Will anybody be prosecuted who handed over to this butcher this cancerous meat?" asked the distinguished lawyer. That did it; the thrust went home. "That is an element in the case," confessed poor Mr. Clynes, "which I, with my narrow legal understanding, cannot go into now." Such humility is very touching, but it is not satisfying. The public ought to have some assurance that when diseased meat is distributed under the authority of the Food Ministry—for that is what happened at Tiverton—someone shall be brought to book for it. Moreover, butchers ought to be assured that when, in the interests of their customers, they refuse to touch meat that is unfit for sale, their action will be upheld by the Food Controller—instead of being used, as in the case of Mr. Chilcott, to rob them of their business and put money into the pockets of their rivals.

FROM SCHOTT TO SCOTT.

SOME INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON BRITISH FIRMS.

THERE are to-day in this country many well-known families whose forebears were Germans and whose relations are still in large part German. There are many commercial undertakings in this country—or there were until public opinion forced the Government to action—which, while in name and operations British, have through their earlier family associations maintained touch with Germany, and have borne on their share registers the names of many enemy aliens. Just how far such families and such firms are affected by their history and their associations is a matter for argument. But this, at least, we know, that unless we eliminate all these influences from the business and commercial life of our country, we shall not secure the much-desired end—the freedom of politics, trade, and finance from the enemy dangers of the past.

Let us take the case of a firm whose story not only involves German names, but whose subsequent history brings in the name of Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter, the well-known private secretary to Mr. Asquith. Nearly twenty years ago—to be precise, at the end of 1900—there was incorporated here a company known as Edmund Heuer and Co. It was formed to take over the business of Edmund Nicolaus Heuer, and among the signatories were Edmund Nicolaus Heuer, Franz Ernst Schutte, of Bremen, and Carmen Estelle Heuer, Otto Albrecht Schutte of Hamburg being also a party to the agreement. Edmund died, and James William Scott became executor, his son, Samuel Haslam Scott, having married Carmen Estelle Heuer. Who was James William Scott? Well, first of all, he was directly descended from a German family of long lineage, and, secondly, Mr. Asquith made him a baronet in 1909. James William Scott was the grandson of Johann Daniel Schott, of Frankfort, and the son of John George Schott, who became a naturalised British subject. When and how he ceased to be Schott and became Scott is "wropt in mystery," but it stands on record that his son, the Asquithian baronet, was "authorised by Royal licence to continue the use of the surname Scott." Sir James, the son of a naturalised German, had two sons. Whom did they marry? They married, in the one case, Carmen Heuer, in the other Frieda Jäger.

All that we have stated was prior to the war. But it offers some idea of the way in which Germans, having settled in this country, have been able to secure all the rights of citizenship, and to establish substantial businesses. Note what follows: In 1907, two years before the baronetcy, we find James W. Scott, Francis Clayton Scott, and Maurice Bonham-Carter as joint holders of 3,000 shares in this company of German associations, and in the year of the war the two last-named figure as holders of 3,000 £5 shares. In due time, Maurice is knighted (although the Somerset House return for 1918 is ignorant of the fact and also of his real address) and becomes the husband of Miss Violet Asquith, daughter of the then Prime Minister by his first wife, Helen Melland. Who was Miss Melland? She was the daughter of Frederick Melland, of Manchester—and her relations were connected by marriage with the firm of Schill Seebohm and Co., who in 1915 changed their name to Schill Bros., Ltd. Recently, by the way, the other firm, Edmund Heuer and Co., have changed *their* name to Hepburn, Ltd. The present board of Schill Bros. includes Charles Henry Schill and Paul Hermann Schill. As late as 1915, R. A. Erbrich was a director, and in 1914 the list of shareholders contained a large number of foreign names with a total holding of nearly 30,000, at £10 each. It should be added that most of these shareholders have addresses in England, although, on the other hand, as late as 1916 Mathilde Seebohm, of Dusseldorf, held 350 shares. However, in the 1917 return it is shown that the Public Trustee holds a large block of shares under the Enemy Act, and Mathilde Seebohm's name disappears. Equally in the case of Heuer and Co., in which Mr. Asquith's private secretary has such a large holding, alien enemies have been considerable shareholders. Before the war, Meta Schutte and Luise Michaelsen, both of Bremen, held 3,900 shares, and it was not until a year ago that the shares were sold by the Public Trustee.

Now what is the moral to be drawn from all this? It is, in our opinion, that the elimination of German influence in firms established in this country must be complete and final. Germany's peaceful penetration has been a tree of slow but steady growth. For many years men who were born in Germany, whose relatives were all Germans, and whose sympathies were mainly German, have planted themselves on this country, taken part in our social life, married into English families, and yet have never lost touch with the land of their birth which to-day stands infamous before the world. From time to time since the outbreak of war, there have been many whispers and rumours of Downing Street sympathies or associations with Germany. We may discount or disbelieve all such innuendoes, but when we find, as we do in the case of these two Companies, evidence of close business relations between the ex-Premier's family and entourage, and firms until the war largely German in spirit, we cannot but realise the danger of such associations. Fortunately, war legislation has for the moment cut out the cancer of German businesses in Great Britain. But unless we keep a watchful eye on public affairs, there are those associated with the Government of the country who will make no effort to keep out the German, but who, on the other hand, will either for personal ends or in mistaken leniency, be ready to open wide the door to our beaten enemy.

TYRANNOUS EXACTIONS.

LIMITED COMPANY'S UNLIMITED CHEEK.

The Ladies' Dwellings Company, Limited, of Sloane Gardens House, S.W., was originally formed, we believe, with some idea of benefiting gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, but we notice that in the last annual report and balance sheet the Directors proposed to take £300 from the reserve fund to enable them to pay a dividend of 5 per cent. less tax. The tenants, it should be explained, pay rent for their rooms, there being a restaurant attached to the Dwelling House, in which, at extra charges, they may take their meals. Since the war the restaurant, if the metaphor be allowable, has been filled with bones of contention. In February last, the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Simpson, raised a storm by demanding that the tenants—many of whom preferred to get their meals outside—should surrender their butter and meat coupons to the Company, this demand being actually enforced by a threat of eviction. "Failure to comply with the above request," ran the notice, "will be regarded as equivalent to notice by the tenant to determine her tenancy." Legally, this was an absurdity, but some were frightened into the surrender of their coupons. The next move of the management was to raise the rents in the Dwelling House a shilling a week, tenants being given a fortnight's notice to quit or sign on at the new terms. Perhaps the most unjust demand of all, however, was the requirement of the Directors, announced last month, that tenants should make a weekly contribution of 10s. 6d., instead of 5s. as previously, towards the expenses of the restaurant, whether they ate their meals there or not—the sole exception being a rebate of 3s. 6d. weekly, to those taking their dinners elsewhere! What next, we wonder?

THE FRAME UP.

A HARPY WHO PREYS ON WIDOWS.

Of all profiteers, the most loathsome is the man who practises on the pride or the sorrow of brave women for their sailor or soldier husbands and sons. Such a man is George Henshall, of The Studio, 260, Stanley Road, Bootle. His nominal trade is art photography. He undertakes, for example, to supply elegant cabinet enlargements of photograph portraits. His principal business, however, seems to be in "solid brass-embossed and oak-polished memorial frames." A poor widow, who has lost her elder boy at sea, sent Henshall an order for 12 cabinet reproductions of a photo, on large mounts. Then the cat jumped. Henshall offered to supply his wonderful frame for £3 3s. 0d. and 6 cabinets free. Two days after, before he had had time to get the widow's refusal, he sent the "Roll of Honour" frame—on approval. If not approved "it could be repacked—carefully." The frame arrived cracked. When he got her letter he replied that she need not worry; and she could have the frame for £3 with 12 cabinets—then followed a lot of the usual twaddle about big reductions. Later came a precious postcard, which we treasure, telling her to send frame per L. & N.W. insured for £5, and not to state that it was damaged, as he would have to claim from the Railway Co. How the parcel arrived we do not know. Possibly the "embossed brass" had come all to pieces. Anyhow, the Railway Co. would not fork out; and now this pushing fellow is threatening to sue the widow for £3 because of her "negligence in not having signed '*not examined*' when delivered by the Co." We imagine he will not get that £3, either from the poor widow or the Railway Company.

TEMPERING THE LAMBS TO THE WIND.

FAMILY TURNED ADRIFT TO MAKE THEM HEALTHY.

There's nothing like leather. And there's nothing like hygiene. And there's nothing in the world so cold and heartless as the red-tape official. Mrs. Smith, of 38, Cornwall Road, South Tottenham, fell ill. She was examined by a doctor, and sent to the Northern Hospital, Winchmore Hill. It is to be assumed that the doctor notified the Medical Officer of Health for the district. Anyhow, the female Sanitary Inspector called on Mr. Smith before his wife was removed, and said the place was overcrowded. There were seven persons in three rooms, and if that were the worst case in London—but there! Of course, the poor ought to be able to afford better quarters—and to find them. We have nothing to say against the Sanitary Inspector. She had her orders, and made her report according to them. The wickedness comes later. Smith was told to get out, and could find nowhere, except the street, to get out into. So the Council county-courted him. He told the Judge that his wife was in hospital and a child was seriously ill with pneumonia; and that other lodgings were to seek. "Then seek!" said the Judge—and gave him 28 days to do it in. He tried, and tried in vain—and then got a final notice threatening "bailiffs" and "possession." So the poor man stored his furniture with kind neighbours, and tramped round looking for rooms. Now, luckily, after a prolonged search, he has found them. But imagine the state of mind and heart of the Council and the Judge who turned this poor family (one child being ill) into the streets during the winter-time because the house was so unhealthy! Such cases bode ill for the man returning from the war in the present state of house-shortage.

A SALACIOUS SNARE.

DIRTY SUGGESTIVENESS THROUGH THE POST.

There is another firm "On the Bust," in addition to the cheeky pellet-peddlers we recently criticised. It is the "Institut Venus Carnis," now of Premier House, Dover Street, W., which is pushing an alleged bust-developing concoction said to be discovered by a Mme. Merlain. Some time ago we took objection to the methods of this group of practitioners, and their style does not improve with age. The "Institut" has sent a batch of its "literature" to a lady who never asked for it, and the printed stuff is rather impudent and not quite nice. There is a picture purporting to represent Mme. Merlain, a lady displaying her opulent charms to a degree the reverse of modest. The accompanying letterpress explains the reason for this exposure, in a salacious passage:—"It is a well-known fact that there is something mysteriously fascinating in a full, well-developed bust which creates a strange, feverish excitement among those who are thrown into contact with the woman possessing this delicate charm. Conceal such a bust from the view of others as carefully as you wish, by a gown, and still there is that quiver of beautiful flesh which lends an indescribable hypnotic effect to your every movement." We say that the Institut has no shadow of excuse for dumping such sentiments into a decent household, postally addressed to young girls as well as to married women. It has the impertinence, in cadging for 31s. 6d., the price of its stuff, to tell the lady written to that "your name has been specially selected." It is an artful trap, designed to catch any poor fool stricken with vanity.

KAISER ANDERSON.

SHAMEFUL DISMISSAL OF A CONSTABLE.

Chief Constable Anderson of Aberdeen may be a very nice man, but his head is getting too large for his hat. He should try an out-size in civilian bowlers. Constable Milne had seen 18 years' service. He is a worn-out man now, rheumaticky, and ready to retire on the pension he has earned, and paid for week by week. The police shifts in Aberdeen are very badly arranged. One is from 5.45 a.m. till 10 a.m. and again from 1.15 p.m. till 7 p.m.; another from 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. and then from 5 p.m. till 10 p.m. Milne was going out at 5 p.m. when he met an Inspector and told him this was "a terrible shift he was on." The Inspector states that Milne further remarked "that it was not a dog's life; averred that if the war was over he would have to chuck it up, and declared that he was not able to undertake that kind of work." Had he said *all* this, what does it amount to? Are police constables Prussian slaves? Anyhow, Milne was brought before the Chief Constable, who has since admitted that, with the Inspector's report before him, he did not then intend to dismiss the man. What happened at the fateful meeting the Chief refuses to reveal—except that Milne denied saying all the things attributed to him. Even if, as is unlikely, his attitude can be truthfully described as truculent, what follows is an infamy. Milne was turned out of the Force, neck and crop, with the loss of all he had paid in to the Pension Fund. This caused a stir, and a Special Committee of the Council was appointed to inquire. They asked Anderson for a statement, and he just defied them and refused—not once, but twice. The matter has been before the Town Council, and the civic big-wigs seem to hold that the Chief Constable can behave as he pleases to his men. This, we believe, is very bad law. But can a Chief Constable behave as he pleases to his Town Council? Can Anderson commit an offence much graver than any alleged against Milne and yet retain his office? If Aberdeen is not to be a little Berlin, these questions must be answered.

THE GREAT MEAT RAMP.

SOME STARTLING FACTS AND FIGURES.

We wonder if it ever occurs to the Government to enquire how much money the American Beef Trusts have been making out of the war. An Islington correspondent, with expert knowledge, sums up the situation in terse and telling terms—informing us, to begin with, that a beast scaling 840 lbs. dead weight, and yielding 800 lbs. of good beef, could in August be bought in the Argentine for £19 12s.—about £20 less than the Food Ministry is paying. Unfortunately, you see, the Argentine is a long way from our dinner-tables, and there is room for a lot of hanky-panky in between. According to an official statement by the Food Controller, "the whole of the meat becomes the property of the Ministry of Food at 7s. the stone, and any difference in price realised becomes the property of the Ministry of Food." But other people have their ideas of "property" as well—especially the American Meat Trust, with which, in its wisdom, the Food Ministry has elected to deal. If the Government had chosen to buy direct in the Argentine market, it is estimated that—allowing an ample margin for freightage, insurance and slaughtering expenses—they could have put an 800 pound carcase on the English market at £25 8s. 8d.; the amount paid to the American Trust is £41—a net profit per beast of £15 11s. 4d. But do not for a moment imagine that this represents the final cost to the consumer. The Food Controller proceeds to sell this meat to the butchers at 2s. 6d. a stone more than he gave for it, the cost of the carcase being so regulated as to show a profit of £12 10s. to the Ministry of Food. On top of this there is a little bit for the butcher. And there's your Sunday joint! Isn't it a clever scheme?

HIS GERMAN WIFE.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER.

When the Army authorities, for good reasons or bad, have formed their suspicions of a man, they have extraordinary ways of showing it. The kind of thing that very often happens is illustrated by the recent experience of a young Australian soldier, who has the misfortune to have been married before the war to a German wife. In regard to the marital relations of the couple, it is only necessary to say that in every respect the woman has behaved like a German. The man enlisted voluntarily in the first month of the war, but he is an object of mistrust and suspicion. In March, 1915, the good fellow was sent out to France with the A.S.C. Speaking several languages fluently, including French and German, and having a good general education, the young soldier might have been useful to the Army in almost any position, but secret influences were at work to undermine his position. At Rouen, in 1916, he was placed under escort without a word of explanation, and packed off to Marseilles, where he was evidently unexpected. Then, suddenly, he was instructed to report with full kit, and embarked on a transport for Alexandria. Arrived in the East, he was bundled about from depôt to depôt, given no decent work of any kind, and finally—still without a word of formal complaint—re-embarked under escort for England. Back again in this country, the poor fellow received the same whirligig treatment, being handed round from camp to camp, employed mostly on fatigues, and treated everywhere with the grossest want of consideration. Having examined all the available evidence, we are satisfied that there is nothing whatever against him, and that he is merely an object of suspicion on account of his German wife. If this is so, it would have been fairer and kinder to tell him what the trouble was, and offer him his discharge; then he could have hurried home to divorce his wife—as he is anxious to do—while the taxpayers would have been saved the expense of touring him round the world.

HOW I CONVERTE

Indemnities, "According to Capacity"—Alien Ener

By THE

I AM gradually converting the Prime Minister; and if in connection with the General Election I accomplish no more than that, I shall feel that I have "done my bit." A few weeks ago I drew attention to his remarkable and candid admission that but for the assistance of "Business men" it would have been impossible to win the war, and I pointed out how in several of the chief Departments of State men of business experience have been put in command. I also commented upon the fact that our "Free Trade" Prime Minister was, by degrees, throwing over the old text-books. He is now all for protecting "key industries," assisting agriculture, and prohibiting the dumping of German goods upon our markets. These things alone mark a great advance in the direction of that Business Government which will inevitably arise out of the ashes of the war and will ultimately dominate those "problems of reconstruction" of which we hear so much. And now I rejoice to observe that, in connection with the pending election, Mr Lloyd George is rapidly coming round to my view that the "mandate" for which he asks must not be, as I put it the other day, a general Power of Attorney—the meaning of which he, as a solicitor, will fully appreciate—to do just as he pleases with our political consciences, but must be explicit and precise regarding the chief items in the Terms of Peace. Indeed, that is the only possible justification for hurrying on the election—at the risk of practically disfranchising at least 50 per cent. of the boys at the front. I had a remarkable illustration of this danger the other day, in connection with the Parliamentary Register for South Hackney. There were about 7,400 names on the Absent Voters' List—that is to say, soldiers in France and Flanders and sailors on the high seas; but when the envelopes came to be addressed it was impossible, by any exercise of ingenuity, to get together more than about 4,500, the particulars opposite the remainder of the names being utterly useless for postal purposes. And yet Mr. Bonar Law is telling us that at least 70 per cent. of the soldiers will record their votes! A month's delay might have materially remedied this state of things. I can only, however, assume that the Prime Minister requires a mandate from the public before the terms of the Peace Treaty are discussed even in the most informal manner. It is ridiculous to base the necessity for the immediate appeal on the question of Reconstruction. But this, however, has until now been the argument of the Prime Minister, and it is to his remarkable *volte face* that I propose to call attention—not that I have much faith in what are called death-bed repentances.

A Sudden Conversion.

A fortnight ago the Premier was disposed to dismiss such a question as the repatriation of alien enemies, after the war, as a "side issue" and a "stunt"—the latter phrase being an obvious allusion to the demand of this journal and a few others for definite assurances on the point. Then, again, as regards Indemnities, we find him in his letter to Mr. Bonar Law speaking of "Peace *Negotiations*." Surely a most unfortunate slip! Compare these words with his Newcastle speech. So concerned was he regarding both these matters, as to the fate of the Kaiser (about which he had been eloquently silent till then), that in order to placate his morning meeting he had to announce that they would be dealt with by him in the afternoon. Whatever else other people may say about Mr. Lloyd George, there can be no question as to his adaptability to public opinion. The "side issue" and "stunt" have suddenly been transformed into one of the issues of the Election about which he waxed so eloquent that, in the words of one of the reporters, he hit the table with a bang which reverberated throughout the hall. A funny game, politics, isn't it? Well, let us see how far on the right road the Great Little Man from Wales has travelled.

Germany Must Pay.

How often have I used this phrase! Again and again I have pointed out that Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points are silent on the subject. In our issue of October 12th, I said: "We will have an Indemnity—if it takes a thousand years to pay it. . . . The war has cost us in one way and another something like ten thousand millions, and I suggest that the first item in our 'Terms of Peace' should be a return of that sum to us, however long its payment might require." And I added, "Don't listen to the announcement about Germany being unable to pay." This view I reiterated at the great Albert Hall Meeting, and I have never departed from it. I also gave it special prominence in "*My* Fourteen Points," which appeared in our issue of November 2nd—in which I asked Mr. Wilson whether he is still under the impression, as he was a year ago, that both sides are equally responsible for the war and that their aims are identical. I further enquired whether he had forgotten what Germany demanded of France in 1871, and, incidentally, I pointed out that the position of America differed from that of the Allies, inasmuch as so far she had suffered very little financial loss. Again, in our issue of November 16th, I emphasised the criticism of Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, as to the limitation of Germany's financial liability to "restoration and reparation for damage done"—pointing out that that was a totally different thing from defraying the cost of the war. Well, again, on November 23rd, I said this: "The main thing to insist upon is that Germany must not only restore the damage done—she must foot the whole bill of the war. . . . It will be nothing less than a sin if the men who have fought and suffered for us—in many cases losing lucrative positions and businesses—come home to find themselves taxed to the teeth for the cost of the war which they have won, whilst Germany is allowed a quiet period of recuperation"; and, finally, on November 30th, I asked, "Why are the Coalition leaders silent on this point?" I then went on to suggest that they had been nobbled by the international financiers, who had "got hold of them and frightened them into the belief that the imposition of a big War Indemnity upon Germany would cause her to repudiate her outstanding obligations to foreign countries." And then I gravely warned the Prime Minister that the returning soldiers would not tolerate this state of things, reminding him that if Britain had lost the war she alone would have had to pay Germany nine thousand millions, and I ended up with this appeal: "Come, Mr. Prime Minister, tell us plainly whether, when you approach the task of concluding a 'just and lasting peace,' you will make a War Indemnity its first condition." That my attitude on this matter has appealed strongly to the public mind is evidenced by the enormous number of Parliamentary Candidates who have adopted it in their Addresses. There can be no doubt that the cumulative effect of these demands has exercised a potent influence on the Premier—with the result that at Newcastle, a few days after our last issue, he made up his mind to comply with my request to disclose his attitude on the subject of Indemnities.

The Snake in the Grass.

He now tells us that Germany must pay the cost of the war "to the utmost of her capacity." I don't like that qualification. Either in justice she is, or is not, bound to meet the bill—and, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it is not usual in law to consider the financial position of an unsuccessful party until after judgment has been signed and execution is issued. If the Court is then satisfied that the whole amount cannot be paid down, the debtor is either made bankrupt or is brought up on a Judgment Summons and ordered to pay by instalments. We never let him off on the mere ground that he has paid his debts to the "utmost of his capacity." Mr. Lloyd George tells us that he has a special Committee sitting to enquire into Germany's financial position. Who are its members? Any international bankers amongst them? Any large holders of German securities? It is a significant fact that no details were vouchsafed. I challenge the Prime Minister to let us have the names, and also the dates of their appointments, the terms of the reference to them, and the nature and extent of their enquiries. I strongly suspect some snake in the grass here. If, on the other hand, the Premier really means what he says and will pledge himself to extract the last possible shilling out of the German nation, then I am for him all the way. Let him, however, drop this misty qualification and speak in plain and simple language, "understanded of

TED LLOYD GEORGE.

Enemies "Never Again"—Colonies and Heligoland Next.

THE EDITOR.

the people." But is he free to do so? I have before me speeches of two of his colleagues, and I do not like their words. First of all, we have Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, at Cambridge telling us that Germany can "pay indemnity only in gold or goods or labour She has no gold." (How does he know that?) "The indemnity in goods would stagnate our labour market, and we must see how far we can get money out of Germany without hurting ourselves." Doesn't sound very hopeful, does it? And then Mr. Churchill tells us that to make Germany pay even "to the utmost limit of her capacity for the *damage she has done*"—note, nothing about the cost of the war—"will be a long and laborious process. We must be careful about this matter, for if Germany collapses into Bolshevism there would be nothing to be got out of her." Does that mean that we are to handle her tenderly from a financial point of view, and do our utmost to preserve something like her old system of government? The sooner there is a special Cabinet meeting to settle that second Manifesto, for which I pleaded last week, the better for the Coalition outlook.

Those Alien Enemies.

In this matter, too, Mr. Lloyd George is not sufficiently explicit After enlarging upon the manner in which these men and women have abused British hospitality, he takes a long breath and, thumping the table with all his might, declares "Never again!" I observe that such declaration was received with "prolonged cheering." Now, however, that the applause is over, perhaps the members of the audience will agree with me that the first step towards securing this desired consummation must be not only that no more of these alien enemies shall come in, but that all those at present interned—that is to say, those who failed to justify their being at large during the war—shall be kicked out And at the same time I insist that every one of them claiming the right of British citizenship shall forfeit his certificate of naturalisation Just imagine the Premier having a week previously brushed aside this matter as a "side issue" and a "stunt"! However, it is never too late to mend—and, as there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth than over ninety and nine just men, so I heartily welcome his conversion, provided he acts up to his words. Here, too, he may rely upon the united support of the country

Kaiser and Crown Prince.

Again on this point is the Premier a convert—although there is still the inevitable little reservation. After fixing upon the Kaiser personal responsibility for the war and all its horrors, and pronouncing the indisputable axiom that "in dealing with crime there must be no distinction between the poorest criminal and kings and emperors"—more "vociferous applause"!—the only definite assurance we get is that the matter has been referred to the Law Officers of the Crown and other eminent jurists, who agree that "the Kaiser has been guilty of an indictable offence for which he *ought to be* held responsible." The missing link, of course, is "and *shall be* held responsible." Apparently, the eminent jurists have not advised as to whether the Allies are entitled to demand extradition. Personally, I have no doubt upon the point, but if the Law Officers of the Crown differ from me, then I return to the suggestion in my last week's article—"Why on earth don't the Allies send a note to the Hague or Amsterdam, to the effect that a military and naval escort is about to be despatched to take charge of one William Hohenzollern, late King of Prussia, and bring him to either Paris or London for trial by an International Court for instigating, condoning and conniving at breaches of the law of nations and outrages against humanity"; or, failing that, "let our own Foreign Secretary demand the man's extradition on the warrant of one of those Coroners whose juries have already returned verdicts of wilful murder against him." I respectfully invite the Premier to be a little more explicit on this matter, so that here, too, we can all unite in backing him up at the coming election. And what about the Crown Prince? At last we have the official abdication of the Kaiser—which has obviously been delayed on the off-chance of something turning up to enable him to go back to Potsdam—and is now done solely for the purpose of making him technically a private individual, in the hope that this fact may render him immune from extradition and also from internment. But at the time of writing there is not a word of information about his son. Is there any understanding between him and his father that he shall, so to speak, act as a warming-pan until all danger to the Hohenzollern dynasty has passed? Let us have a definite assurance from the Prime Minister that this pretty scheme will not be allowed to succeed: I am not certain that the Crown Prince is not even more guilty than the Kaiser. History may yet show that it was he who goaded his father on not only to the war itself, but to many of the most atrocious crimes which have stained its record. I ask the Prime Minister to say that, whenever the Kaiser is brought over, the Crown Prince must come with him in order that they may be tried together, sentenced together, and punished together.

The German Navy.

And here is another point upon which I think the Prime Minister should give us his views. What is really intended to be done with the German Navy? I don't at all like that recent interchange of messages between the German Commander and Admiral Beatty. It is quite obvious from the language used by Herr von Reuter that he at least is still under the impression that his fleet is merely being held *pro forma* pending the settlement of the Peace Treaty, and that in the meantime it has not surrendered. Hence his claim still to fly the German flag. And to some extent this view is corroborated by Admiral Beatty's reply. He says nothing about the ships having been confiscated to the Allies, and in express terms recognises that we are still at war, and presumably that we may yet have to give the German Navy battle. The whole thing is very puzzling and unsatisfactory, and it would be a great relief to the public mind if Mr. Lloyd George would declare that in no circumstances will these ships ever be returned to the enemy. Throughout the Empire such an assurance would be received with particular satisfaction. Our Fleet is the Empire's safeguard, and it was that safeguard which was directly challenged by the German Navy. Let the Premier speak out.

A Real Mandate.

In our next issue I shall publish my own Manifesto to the people of this country. Directly addressing several millions of them every week and read by several millions more, I feel under a sense of deep responsibility to do my best to guide aright those who have placed their trust in me. I shall know by that time whether I shall be personally free to return to Parliament at the forthcoming election and continue and develop my work in the House of Commons. But, however that may be, I shall still endeavour to justify my proud title as "The Member for the Man in the Street," and as "The Soldier's and Sailor's Friend." I am actuated by no hostility of any kind to the Prime Minister. In existing circumstances I do not know where we are to look for anyone to take his place. He has been the one man to give anything like adequate expression to popular sentiment—and of his sincerity and patriotism there can be no question. But it does not follow that we must blindly commit our political consciences to his keeping. On the contrary, we are more than ever bound to see that the unique position which, by the vagaries of our political system he has acquired, is not used to Prussianise us into a docile acquiescence in any and every demand, however vague, which he may make upon our confidence and patriotism. Let him take heed of the anxieties which are at present racking the public mind, and apart from all questions of reconstruction—the time for which has not yet arrived—ask for a mandate for definite terms of Peace—whether they be in President Wilson's Fourteen Points or not—such as will satisfy the national demand, and no one will cheer more readily than I when, the election over, he comes back with a working majority which will make him independent of all Party factions and subterfuges, and leave him a free hand—assisted by colleagues above suspicion—to carry out the People's Will

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Who is to Blame?:—A Canadian soldier died on November 12th in the hospital at Shorncliffe. Notification was sent to his father at 10.30 p.m. nine days afterwards—the man of course having been buried in the meantime. Somebody blundered here!

Prussian:—A soldier of the R.F. in Carrickfergus inserted his hand into his pocket to make a purchase. He was arrested by a "Red-Cap" and got five days' C.B. for the very unsoldierly crime of not having coaxed the money out by some other means!

"Kicked Out":—We recently commented on the unfair treatment of Captain and Quarter-Master Murray, South Wales Borderers, who was put up for two Courts-Martial, and honourably acquitted, the Court expressing sympathy, by each of them. We now find that his enemies have had their way, this man of honourable service having been sent back to civilian life on account of his age—a step which we heartily condemn.

Profiteering:—In the Horseferry Road district an Australian soldier paid an outfitter 21s. 6d. for a hat; 15s. 6d. for a pair of puttees; and 25s. for a pair of gloves. He found that by crossing the river he could have purchased the same items for 16s. 6d., 8s. 6d. and 21s. 6d., respectively! When are such gross frauds upon our fighting men to be stopped?

The W.O. and Justice:—Why does Whitehall persist in turning down recommendations of Commanding R.E.s made in connection with the specially enlisted engineer ledger-keeper corporals? This body of men is denied promotion and is on the whole treated in a scandalous manner. Now that work has eased down, we hope that somebody will pay attention to this question.

Give Them a Rest:—At Romsey the other day one of our representatives was interested in some squads of low-category Expeditionary men, who were being put through foot and saluting drills by sergeants who were never out of the country. They were afterwards lectured by instructors on subjects that they had probably learned from experience before their mentors joined the Army! It is time to give these sick and wounded men a rest.

Daylight Robbery:—Four wounded Tommies from the 2nd London General Hospital a few days ago took shelter in a barber's shop in the W.C. district, owing to the rain. To show their gratitude, they had their hair cut. They were charged 4s. 6d. each! But why on earth did they "stand and deliver" to such outrageous robbers?

Only a Soldier:—Gunner Archer, No, 15913, Royal Garrison Artillery, was stationed in the south camp at rotten Ripon. He was examined on November 5th, and passed Grade I. He felt unwell and reported sick, and was given "medicine and duty," his complaint being diagnosed as bronchitis. On the following day he reported sick again, and was again given M. & D. On the 8th, a kind-hearted Corporal had him removed to hospital, his temperature being 101.4 degrees. The poor boy died, and his parents received the sad news about the time when the maroons were declaring the Armistice. There is not the slightest reason now why an inquest should not be held on every dead soldier, and this is evidently a case demanding drastic public inquiry.

"JACK."

Money Adrift:—The men of the Dover minesweepers wonder what has become of the mine money that is due to the officers and men. In some instances not a cent has been distributed since the War commenced, although at other bases it is regularly paid.

Rotten, but Common:—A man on H.M.S. *Woolston* received a telegram telling him that his mother was dying. He was refused leave to go and see her. On the same ship a Chief Petty Officer was handed a wire stating that his wife was dangerously ill; he was granted 10 days' leave. The A.B. afterwards received a further telegram informing him that his mother had passed away, and he was *then* granted leave—too late to say good-bye. A canteen meeting was called, and granted the man £5 to tide him over, but the Commanding Officer ordained that if the grant was made all death leave would be stopped. The money was the property of the men, and we want to know why any C.O. should forbid them to use it as they wish.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

By Whose Order?:—Near Chichester the Tangmere aerodrome is being erected, and we are amazed to find that American soldiers, including blacks, are employed there as carpenters and bricklayers. When these men were engaged an equivalent number of our Badgers were dismissed. A British officer is in charge of the job, and we would like the War Office to ask him why he has taken this apparently unfair and un-English step. The discharged men's Societies might also look into it.

Another Man Barred:—A Badger was granted a sum from the King's Fund for the purpose of opening a hardresser's shop in Wednesbury—but to his amazement, when he applied to the West Midland Recruiting Region for a licence his request was turned down. If he had not been a soldier who had fought for his country, but a filthy Hun, it would probably have been otherwise. Unfortunately, this is not the only complaint of the kind we have received.

A Job-Hoarder:—In Cambridgeshire one man holds the following positions: working "full time" in a solicitor's office; Collector of Tithes for two parishes; Assistant-Overseer for his district; Assistant Overseer and Rate Collector for another district; and two appointments as Tax Collector. There are Silver Badgers in the region who are whistling for jobs.

For the P.M.G.:—We would call the attention of the Postmaster-General to the fact that a general-shop keeper and motor job-master in Muckhart, Perthshire, has been nominated for the position of Sub-Postmaster. There are discharged soldiers who are fully qualified to fill the vacancy, and we trust that they will not be turned down in favour of the individual in question.

On the Scrap-Heap:—Tales of unjust and unfair dismissal by firms taking advantage of the new labour situation continue to reach us, we regret to say. From Bow Bridge comes this: "On Armistice Day we were practically locked out for half a day. The mean firm stopped us the half day's pay, and gave us a half day's notice. I and other Silver Badgers were thrown out of work, also a large number of women." Such heartless employers must know they are asking for serious trouble.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Motherless Mites:—The father of six young children arrived home on special leave from France, being just in time to attend his wife's deathbed. Many bills were unpaid, and the poor fellow, not being in credit with his regiment, was in a helpless condition.

A Tale of Woe:—An ex-soldier, earning a very small wage, has had to borrow money to pay instalments on furniture, or lose his little home. His wife has fallen sick, and the insurance allowance has not come through. To provide immediate necessities he had to borrow again, and was being pressed for payment. His wife and kiddie have very poor prospects before them.

'Flu Still Prevalent:—A soldier's widow, who has a young child, asked our assistance in paying the doctor's bill and providing nourishment, she having had a bad attack of illness, and wishing for a rapid recovery in order that she may resume work. Such people cannot afford to be ill; in such circumstances their pensions are inadequate and our Fund proves a veritable blessing.

Sickness and Death:—An ex-soldier and his wife are under the doctor, the man having been off work for three weeks. At the time of writing us their little child was lying dead, and they had no money for the burial.

Continual Struggle:—A widow has, unfortunately, had to stay away from work owing to the illness of her young child, and consequently cannot pay her way. She appealed, as she had a perfect right to do, to the War Pensions Committee—who told her to give up her home, for which she had long been struggling, though while paying her rent she and the child have gone sadly short of necessities, and were greatly cheered with a grant from our Fund.

Other Cases Helped:—

Discharged soldier off work through bad health. Pension will not pay his way.

Soldier's wife cannot pay doctor's bill for attendance upon herself. Rent also in arrear.

Another soldier's wife in debt to coal man, baker, and doctor through being at home from work during long illness; husband serving.

Railway fare required to fetch soldier's crippled child home from institution many miles away, upon completion of treatment.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

C. R. C. (Christchurch), £10; "Soldier's Sister," 10s.; "Miss Mystery" (Wakefield), 6d.; L. H. (Northallerton), 2s. 6d.; "Tommy's Sister," 1s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, 15s.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; Canteen, H.M.S. *Lobelia* (per N. H.), £12 2s. 6d.; E. S. M. (Lancs), 6d.; Cpl. J. L., 6d.; J. B., 1s.; A. G. B., £1; T. S., 5s.; J. G. (Marseilles), £1 12s.; A. G. (U. Tooting), 9d.; F. L. (B.E.F.), 3d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; L. P. (Balham), 1s.; W. A. C. (Scholes), 5s.; "Bit" (Molesey), 2s. 6d.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; K. W. (St. Leonards), 1s.; J. S. S. (Norway), 2s.; "J. C., an Admirer in Ceylon," £1; "No. 4 Safety Model," 3s.; J. M. (Manchester), 1s.; C. H. (Manitoba), 2s.; H. M. (Bramhall), £1 1s.; W. J. B. (N. Wales), £1; "Penge," £1; "Dickie" (Dundee), 3s.; "Four Crib Players," £1; L. A. K. (Hunstanton), 1s.; Mrs. P. H. (Plaistow), 1s.; A. S. (Mansfield), 2s.; L. D. (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; W. S. S. (Shetland), 2s.; "Crew of H. M. Armed Yacht *Zara*" (per H. H. L.), 18s. 4d.; D. L., 1s.; "W." (Seven Kings), 10s.; "Frowsy" (West Norwood), 2s.; "Canadian Petty Officer," 2 dollars; A. C. (Brighton), 10s.; "A Constant Reader," 10s.; C. T. P., 2s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; Armourers, R. N. Barracks (Chatham), £2; "Patriotism Rewarded," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Scot," 2s. 6d.; "Gallant Worcester 15.5.15," 5s.; "A few on board s.s. *Olympia*" (per S. R. W.), £1 12s.; W. W. (Newcastle), 3s.; H. H. (Devon.), £1 7s. 0d.; "Lamp," 8s. 5d.; A. E. C. (Salisbury Green), 5s.; J. H. N. (Kells), £5; A. S. (Seaton Carew), 5s.; Mrs. D. O. D. (Llandovery), 10s.; E. D. (Hammersmith), 5s.; "In Mem. S.M.S.," 2s.; "Optimist," 10s.; M. B. R. (Prestatyn), 1s.; H. E. H., £3; Mrs. C. J. L. (Epsom), 2s. 6d.; "Very Thankful," 3s.; H. Y. (Northampton), 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Y. (Chingford), £1; "Truly Thankful," 1s.; Mrs. E. P. I. (U.S.A.), £2 1s. 1d.; "A Woman Voter," 5s.; J. W. W. 5s.; E. M. C. (Smethwick), 3s.; Sgt. A. F., 2s. 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 5s.; Mrs. J. G. M., 2s. 6d. and parcel; A. F., 1s.; Mrs. A. G., 1s.; C. M. P., 5d.; C. D. (Walsall), 5d.; Members of Motor Club (per Major Todd and Capt. Bowater), £21 15s

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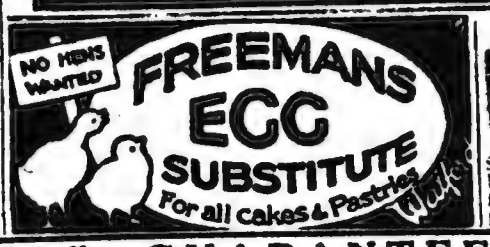

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HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

THE NON-VOTER.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Did the Redistribution Act leave you in your old constituency?

2ND BUSINESS MAN: Oh, yes; same old constituency. And I've had the same old canvassers calling about the same old vote for the same old member. But it isn't worrying me.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Made up your mind?

2ND BUSINESS MAN: Sure—*not to vote.*

1ST BUSINESS MAN: What? Look here, old man, it isn't like you to be indifferent at election times; and this, is, perhaps, the most important one within living memory.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: That's just the trouble—I'm not. I'm taking it so seriously that unless something happens that *ought* to happen—that we've got a right to *expect* to happen—here's an elector who's not going to the poll.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Thought you were such a strong supporter of Lloyd George.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: Yes, through the war. I've backed him all along because I could see that he was out to win the war. When he convinces me that he's out to win the peace, then I shall back him up for all I'm worth again.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Well, his reconstruction policy looks as though he means to win the peace, doesn't it?

2ND BUSINESS MAN: I don't quarrel with his reconstruction policy, but I want to know a thing or two before I give him a blank cheque to carry out his ideas, fine as they are in many respects.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: I know what's on your mind—you want to know whether the Huns are to be made to pay for the war.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: Certainly I do. But I want to know something else first. My boy Jack went under on the Somme. Well, I want to know what's going to be done about the Kaiser. Is he going to be tried or is he not?

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Well, you see, it's a delicate international point.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: Delicate be damned! If he has not actually committed murder in person, he has incited to murder, and that's criminal, isn't it? He is a criminal, and we have a legal right to demand his extradition from Holland. Is Lloyd George going to insist on that? Thousand of voters are waiting to know.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: After all, his execution would not undo the evil that he's done.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: I know all about that. But the judge does not say that when he has a convicted murderer in the dock in front of him. It is a question of justice. We went to war at the call of justice, didn't we? Well, let us make justice the basis of peace. But there's another thing I want to know. What about an indemnity?

1ST BUSINESS MAN: Well, you read what Winston Churchill said.

2ND BUSINESS MAN: I did. But he was talking through his hat—and one of the most ridiculous of them. Perhaps Germany hasn't got the gold to pay; perhaps it would dislocate trade to take the indemnity in the form of goods and commodities; perhaps it *would* set the Labour world by the ears to make slaves of the Huns for a term of years and compel them to work out the cost of the war to us. I tell you, when Lloyd George makes a clear pronouncement on these points, then—and not before—will I go to the poll.

1ST BUSINESS MAN: But——

(Left at it.)

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY MIRROR":—

"Mr. George Grossmith sails for America to-day. A merry party of BEAUTIFUL naval officers and GALLANT actresses danced him 'good-bye' on the Shaftesbury Stage the other evening."

"NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE":—

"A clergyman's mother died in Scotland, and was BURIED SOME YEARS BEFORE HE WAS BORN."

"SOUTH WALES EVENING EXPRESS":—

"To-morrow the members of the Cardiff Corporation will be called upon to follow the time-honoured practice of WELCOMING the PARTING, SPEEDING the COMING guest."

"DUNDEE ADVERTISER":—

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"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Hornless STUD GOAT."

"LIVERPOOL EVENING ECHO" (advt.):—

"Two domestic gentlewomen or otherwise at once, for SINGLE gentleman AS A RULE."

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"Dr. Gray has resumed practice. Bowra and O'Dea, UNDERTAKERS."

"BRECON AND RADNOR EXPRESS":—

"Able Seaman —— —— (grandson of Miss ——) has been home on furlough."

"WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES" (advt.):—

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IN view of the enormous interest in Pelmanism shown by all classes of men and women, the following brief summary of facts is given for the benefit of those who have not followed closely the announcements of the Pelman Institute which have already appeared.

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But first read carefully the following plain facts:—

1. **Over 400,000 men and women of all classes have now adopted Pelmanism.**—These include literally every class and rank: clerks, managers, soldiers, sailors, generals, admirals, peers, peeresses, shop-assistants, salesmen, accountants, barristers, solicitors, doctors, clergymen, journalists, artizans, engineers, typists, secretaries, manufacturers, bankers, etc., etc.
2. **Large numbers of these have increased their incomes, by 100 p.c., 200 p.c., 300 p.c. and even more,** as a direct result of Pelmanism. Thousands of others have gained important positions or speedy promotion. In the Army and Navy some hundreds of officers openly attribute their promotion (and in many cases their M.C., D.S.O., etc.) to Pelmanism.
3. **No man or woman has yet failed to reap great benefit from Pelmanism,** provided that the System has been conscientiously followed. Sweeping as the assertion may seem, it is yet an admitted fact that "progress by Pelmanism" is certain if the Course is properly followed.
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14. **Every statement or claim published by the Pelman Institute can be verified** by any bona-fide enquirer. Critical investigations have been made from time to time by great journals like *Truth, Public Opinion, John Bull, British Weekly*, etc., and have invariably resulted in warm editorial appreciations of the System. The Directors of the Institute have always welcomed investigation by the public, as the better the facts are known the more surely does enrolment follow. The Institute is, in sober truth, doing a great work of national importance, and every man and woman should know at least the elementary facts about this wonderful movement.

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How to Use Your Vote.

WE have won the war for national liberties and human rights. Let us take care we keep what we have won. Beware when you vote that you don't play into the hands of the Reactionaries. There are Reactionaries in all Countries, England included. Do you want a Free Parliament or a Tied House? If you want Freedom, take care that there are enough Liberals in the New House of Commons.

Liberalism stands for

(1) Justice for those who fought for us by land and sea and air.

They were in the front of the fight. They must be in the front of our thoughts. Our gratitude must be shown in deeds. Pensions should be sufficient in amount to secure a satisfactory standard of comfort. No niggard hand should be employed in the administration of pensions. **Every Man who was Fit to Fight is Fit to Pension if he has been wounded and disabled.**

(2) Equality of opportunity.

Better wages; Better Hours of Work; Better Houses; Easy access to the Land. **Restoration of Trade Union Conditions. National Control of Monopolies,** such as Railways, Canals and Mines. **National Public Health Service. Full Educational Facilities for every class.**

(3) Freedom.

A League of Free Nations which shall free the World from the menace of war. **Abolition of all Unnecessary Restrictions on** liberty of person, of speech, and of the Press. **A Free House of Commons and No "Tied" Members. Self Government** for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales to manage their own local affairs and leave the Imperial Parliament free to attend to the interests of the Empire.

If we are to secure these things, and if we want our Country to hold its rightful place in the new **Liberal Order** which is arising in every land, there must be a preponderating majority of **representatives of Liberalism** in the new Parliament. **A Liberal triumph would be the greatest security for the ordered development of reconstruction in these Isles.** You cannot trust these reforms to a Party which has fought to the last ditch for property and privilege. You will never gather figs of thistles.

IF YOU WANT LIBERAL REFORMS VOTE FOR THE LIBERAL CANDIDATES.

TO THE MEN AT THE FRONT.—***You will get, or you ought to get, a Ballot Paper from the Constituency where you used to live. Put a X opposite the name of the Liberal Candidate, and post it back at once.***

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

C. W. L. (Plymouth).—We hope some day to assist in bringing together all the various discharged sailors and soldiers' associations, and, like yourself, think "The Blue and Khaki League" is still the best name.

R. A. C. (London) suggests that November 11th, the day on which the Armistice was signed, should be made, by Act of Parliament, a special bank-holiday. But hadn't we better wait for the day when Peace is ratified?

J. A. A. (Bristol). So one of the boys in your class, when asked to "mention any other great man besides Nelson whose name was Horatio"—but modesty forbids our finishing the sentence!

H. A. (Balham).—We have frequently printed the only known particulars of Lord Milner's pedigree. Here they are again: His father, Carl Milner, was born at Neuss, Dusseldorf, Prussia, on June 20th, 1823, the son of Richard and Sophia Milner, nee de Ranzard. The books of reference are strangely reticent as to where his Lordship was born on March 23rd, 1854, but his mother's father was Major-General Reidy, Governor of the Isle of Man.

"ACE BABA" (Manchester).—Your verses are first-rate, but we think "the shirkers in khaki" may now be left to the gnawing of their own uneasy consciences.

H. W. (Haslemere).—You make us laugh aloud when you refer to Arthur Henderson, George Lansbury and Ramsay Macdonald as "public spirited men." You will be calling Philip Snowden the saviour of his country next. Pull yourself together, for goodness' sake.

B. E. F. (Nottingham).—"I appeal to you as a woman." We deny the soft impeachment. You may search us.

"SHRIMP" (Leeds).—The verse we like best in your song, to the tune of "Now the Day is Over," is: "Who will hang the Kaiser, The rope of wreath to pull; Why, just our noble patriot, Horatio—JOHN BULL"! That's *real* poetry.

J. B. K. (Glasgow).—Mr. Havelock Wilson's treatment at Glasgow was a disgrace to Scotland. We should have liked to have seen the interrupting Bolshevicks in the hands of a squad of those glorious "Kilties" who have done such splendid work in France.

E. A. (London) suggests getting up a petition to the King or the Government praying that the Editor should be one of the delegates to the Peace Conference, and personally guarantees 7,000 signatures. What a row there would be if we went!

W. G. R. (Old Trafford).—"If the Kaiser and his son, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and all such murderers, thieves, liars, and unmitigated scoundrels"—that's the stuff to give 'em!

S. B. (Mitcheldean).—So you think the prevalence of disease is due to the shortage of bitter. As desired, we swear not to tell anyone you said so.

J. B. M. (York).—"Let there be no mistake about a swingeing indemnity." Take our word, there wouldn't be if we were at the Peace table.

E. K. (Wallington).—"May you be spared for many years to speak the truth." Thanks; and you to listen to us, old dear.

"A PENSIONER'S PROBLEM."—The poor old lady referred to under this heading on November 2nd gratefully acknowledges the £1 sent to her through us by a kind anonymous reader.

A. G. E. (Sussex).—We note your suggestion that the submarine criminals should be imprisoned in an "under-water fortress," but fear such an arrangement would be highly distasteful to the regular inhabitants of the deep.

C. C. (B.E.F.).—"The King—God bless him—and what he stands for; that is what we fought for." Well said.

J. H. (Holloway).—Thanks for full directions for the trial and execution of the ex-Kaiser. Have you any particular wishes as to the disposal of his remains?

MRS. P. (Kensington).—Your verses are "worthy" of JOHN BULL—witness the lines "Shake hands with the Devil from Hell, lads! Before you shake hands with the Hun"—but, alas! there is a paper shortage.

E. G. F. (Dovington Camp).—"The fastest train?" One of gunpowder. "The longest non-stop in the U. K.?" *Bullets.*

T. H. (Barking).—Go and ask him his nationality—but if you propose to hint, however delicately, at the possibility of his being a German, you should stand at least six feet off.

F. J. P. (Woolwich).—Afraid we cannot offer "a £1,000 prize for anyone who can name the day on which the Kaiser will be handed over to the Allies for trial." He might win it himself.

"CONSTANT READER" (Sunderland).—To order eggs through the post from people you don't know is, in classical language, "a mug's game."

"WILLIAM TELL" (Durham).—"Keep sober at these times." That certainly shall be our chaste endeavour.

A. W. (Slindon).—Thanks for verses, but, as you expect them to appear in your local paper, we would not compete for worlds. We give up our claim—cheerfully.

MRS. C. (Bristol).—The proper way to pronounce "Beatty" is the first syllable as in beetroot, and the second as unaided intelligence may dictate.

R. F. A. (Liverpool).—There has been a good deal of gross profiteering in the sale of "joy-rags," but unless we are mistaken, there is a rod in pickle for the Shylocks of the shops.

SURGICAL AID SOCIETY LETTERS.—We have a long "waiting list" of poor people anxious to obtain surgical appliances, and as our own stock is exhausted, we shall be glad if readers who subscribe to this Society will send us any letters they have to spare.

R. E. C. (Fulham).—"I quite recovered the use of my hypoglossal nerve, five hours after I left your office." Sorry we had such a paralysing effect upon you, even for so short a time as that.

"A WEARY BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER" (Grimsby).—It is not the King, but the inhuman Kaiser, whom you have to thank for the bitter grief that has fallen upon you. In time you will feel proud that your husband and brave sons died for us all.

A. C. (Crossmyloof).—Don't quite see how we can be both "caught like a rat in a trap" and "a most dangerous lunatic at large" at one and the same time. Perhaps your brain is congested with parritch.

E. K.—Why he cross because the Mayor began his announcement of the armistice by saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen and—soldiers"? Do you expect the average provincial mayor to realise that a British soldier wearing the King's uniform is entitled to be classed with, if not before, gentlemen? Glorified, pork-witted tradesmen have their limitations, you know.

C. L. M. (London, N.).—"I am not silly but a bit eccentric." But don't you think it's a bit silly to be eccentric?

"PAYMOR" (Bowden).—It *is* an interesting fact that on October 17th the Allied battle line on the Western Front represented an almost exact profile of the Iron Duke. But we do not think it is anything more than that. We have returned your map.

"A CONCHIE."—We are too busy dealing with letters from *men* to spare time for worms like you. We leave you and your kind to the Boys when they come home, you anonymous dog.

C. H. (Bristol).—Thanks for contribution to our cigar-case. Much appreciated.

"READER OF 'JOHN BULL.'"—"Will you kindly state the Seven Wonders of the World." Six of them are dead duds now. The only one that counts is at home at 93, Long Acre.

"ONE OF YOUR B'HOYS" (Measham).—"What is the easiest language to learn?" The Language of Love.

"A WAR-WORKER."—So you don't want to give up your job when the Boys come home, and want to know what you are to do. Well, what did you do before the Boys went to save you?

A. K. (Manchester).—"Last September I had occasion to consult a doctor." Well, well, but we shouldn't have mentioned it if *you* hadn't.

MRS. J. M. R. (Battersea Park).—We have constantly championed the cause of working horses, and trust the poor creatures may soon be sharing the blessings of peace.

"KIT" (Glasgow).—*Need* you ask whether we would like a photo of you taken with some bonnie Scotch lasses "in pan-jams"?

"PIXIE" (London, S.E.).—You should thank us from the bottom of your heart for refusing to print more than one line of the "poem" beginning: "The iron horse sweeps out of site," instead of urging us to publish the deadly thing complete.

R. W. (Goginan).—The only "instruction" we can give you in the art of public speaking is, first, to know what you want to say, and then get on your hind legs and say it.

"SON OF ERIN" (Maryhill).—"You said you were fed up with Ireland. I only wish I had you in a ring for ten minutes, and I'd bet you would be fed up with its people." No doubt. We should simply eat you.

W. S. (Windlestone).—"I am the man whom the Saints desire and are in need of one to lead them." If you give way to such vain imaginings the saints will look sideways on you.

P. T. H. (Gray's Inn Road).—Our Tame Barber says he don't unnerstand w'y 'e should be called "splended" simply becos 'e sympathises with the trials of the Old Age Pensioners. But we spotted a flush of pride, all the same.

E. S. A. (Siddall).—Your booklet of verse is certainly a creditable production for the mother of a "baker's score" of children. But fancy saying your poems are the result of writing to us! Well, well; our back's broad.

MISS M. A. (Bow).—The Inspector thinks you own a dog because you give pieces to stray ones. Tell him, if you give a penny to a blind man, that man is not necessarily your father.

T. M. (H.M.S. *Vanoc*).—Your ship's company's neatest "coincidence" is—Kaiser's hash settled at 11th hour of 11th day of 11th month. And the 11th hour is the hour of repentance.

"GEORGE" (Bath).—"From the word 'enough,' make two words that are never enough. Answer, 'One hug.'" But, in the case of a bear, one would be plenty.

HEROD."—Your generous contribution to our "Greatest of These" Fund appears singularly out of keeping with your ferocious *nom-de-plume*.

G. H. (Notting Hill).—There are no restrictions. You may apply for as many "J. B." Pens as you desire. The Christmas Gift Coupon appeared in our issues of November 16th and 30th.

I. M. (Lindisfarne).—Glad you thought our article "worthy of note." A harsh word from you would indeed have been gall and bitterness.

R. M. O'N. (Chelsea).—Afraid couldn't contemplate your giddy proposal to take people for joy-rides in Zeppelins. As it is, your flighty handwriting has made us feel quite "squiffy."

H. M. N. (Royston).—So you think the gin shortage is because of your notion to employ that spirit as a cure for gassed men. But—well, never mind; have a drop of gin, old dear.

"MAJOR" (Camberwell).—"What has the Rt. Hon. John Burns done in the great war?" Laid low an' sed nuffin'.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR XMAS GIFT OFFER

Many thousands of Readers have applied for "J.B." Pens, utilising the 'JOHN BULL' Xmas Gift Coupon in part payment. Others who desire to avail themselves of our offer are requested to apply early in order to ensure delivery in good time.

Note.—The "JOHN BULL" Pen Gift Coupon (value 1/-) referred to above, appeared in our issues of 16th and 30th November.

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HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example :—NOT TO BE HAD. Bullet :—CHEAP BEER NOWADAYS. Example :—MINDING THE BABY. Bullet :—SOON BE FATHER'S JOB. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated December 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 312.

FRUITS OF VICTORY	PEACE AND GOODWILL	WHAT BRITAIN THINKS	BOTTOMLEY'S AMBITION
LLOYD GEORGE	IN FRANCE NOW	THE BOLSHEVISTS	FIGHTING FOR SEAT
STATE OF GERMANY	HOW TO SPEND CHRISTMAS	DEVIL TO PAY	GETTING TO WORK
KING ALBERT	NOT MY LUCK	CROWNED HEADS	NOT TO BE HAD
D.O.R.A.	HER PHOTOGRAPH	A BAD EGG	WHEN DISCHARGED
AFTER THE WAR	MINDING THE BABY	GERMANY MUST	ON THE SPREE
ELECTION PROMISES	SHUT UP	A GOOD OCCUPATION	MEN OF WAR
THE NEXT GOVERNMENT	WE ALL WANT	TOMMY'S WELCOME	PAYING INDEMNITY
WOMAN IN THE HOUSE	NO DOUBT ABOUT IT	WHEN THE GIRLS RETURN	A SORRY FIGURE
TURNING THE TABLES	IN A FOG	PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT	THE KAISER

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(312) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 6d must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(312) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 312. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(312) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Dec. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(312) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

List of 200 winners of Turkey Prizes in Competition No 310 will be forwarded on receipt of 1½d. stamp and will be published in the "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 310th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. WILLIS EADE,
32, Tweed Street, Liverpool, E.

Example :—DOG TIRED.
Bullet :—OF COUNTING GERMANS—SATAN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. GEORGE ANDREWS,
61, Sutton Crescent, Walsall.

Example :—FOCH'S TERMS.
Bullet :—"TALKED OVER"—HE WASN'T.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. M. E. LANE,
54, Crawthew Grove, E. Dulwich, London, S.E.

Example :—ROAD TO RUIN.
Bullet :—"TURNING" OFF STRAIGHT ONE.

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

MR. W. COLEMAN, Broad Street Hall, Bristol: GERMAN SAILORS—PREFERRED "MAKING SPLASH" ASHORE.

MR. H. SUTTON, The Barn, St. James' Avenue, Hampton Hill: UP AGAINST IT—PROFITEER AT THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

MRS. JESSOP, 31, Guildford Rd., Seven Kings: COMING QUICKLY—MANY LONG DEFERRED HONEYMOONS.

MRS. M. SINCLAIR, 106, Plantation Street, Glasgow: UP AGAINST IT—LIFE INSURANCE IN RUSSIA.

MR. A. H. REYNOLDS, 149, High Street, Rhyl: CRYING KAMERAD—"PIG" DODGING A "POKE."

MISS E. ASCOUGH, 21, Grange Av., Scarboro': TURKEY—THOUGHT "PICKING WINNERS" EASY.

MR. J. BEATON, 65, Oswald Street, Glasgow: WHAT TOMMY FANCIES—FEW "ROUNDS" WITH PALS.

MISS T. GRIFFITHS, 21, Gladstone Road, Edge Hill, Liverpool: THE MAILED FIST—BUILT CASTLES—WRECKED HOMES.

MISS B. BROADFOOT, 26, Leven Street, Glasgow: ROAD TO RUIN—"TAKE ANOTHER" MY BOY.

MR. W. J. PHILLIPS, Tabor Road, Llansamlet: PEACE AND PLENTY—OF TAXES; EVERYBODY'S FUTURE.

MR. G. KENCHINGTON, 54, Prebend Street, Islington, London, N.1.: DON'T FORGET THAT—HUNS ONLY REGRET LOSING.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MR. G. STUBBS, 25, St. Anns Road, Horwich, Bolton: FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM—D'ABERNON WILL BE SHORTLY.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MR. J. KINGHORN, 4, Alexandra Street, Partick, Glasgow: IN A TIGHT CORNER—COUNSEL FOR KAISER'S DEFENCE.

MR. J. FRANCIS, 42, St. Martin's Lane, London: THE MAILED FIST—"SHOT OUT" RATHER QUICKLY.

MR. A. HERBERT, 35, Market St., Birkenhead: THE WHITE FLAG—STREET ARABS DISPLAY BEHIND.

MR. J. HADWIN, Bay Café, Bowness, Windermere: WHEN KAISER GOES—CHANGES COAT—NOT HEART.

MRS. BAXTER, Elm Gr. Hse., Birr, Kings Co.: THE MAILED FIST—NEVER GOT EDITOR'S "COUNTENANCE."

Gunner R. HENDERSON, Roanhead Battery, H.M.S. "Imperieuse," c.o. G.P.O.: COMING QUICKLY—"SUCCESSION" OF GERMAN CHANCELLORS.

MISS D. MALLINSON, 12, Cambridge Street, Heckmondwike: WHAT TOMMY FANCIES—DRAWING WAGES, WITHOUT SALUTING.

MR. R. BELL, "Stone Leigh," 139, Grosvenor Street, Bedford: WHEN KAISER GOES—BENTINCK MUST COUNT SPOONS.

You need not "Practice" to Become a Good Pianist

My System has abolished all necessity for keyboard drudgery. It is now possible to obtain in a few months a mastery of the piano often unobtainable even after years of laborious practising for several hours daily.

Sir Frederick Bridge and other eminent musicians highly recommend and use the system. No apparatus or specially written score. The quickest and most certain way to permanent mastery of the piano.

400 readers of "John Bull" took this course during 1917-8.

10,000 Successful Pupils

Send for my Illustrated Book 'Light on Pianoforte Playing.'

This book explains fully how I teach the System by a series of Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. The lessons are adapted to the requirements of pianists of all grades of proficiency. Apply for booklet to-day, *but do not* omit to state whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

A. MACDONALD SMITH,
19, Bloomsbury Square, LONDON, W.C.1

From Brain to Keyboard
Macdonald Smith's System of Pianoforte Playing.

Rid Yourself of Skin Illness

Get Antexema, and then you'll know what a wonderful skin remedy it is. Gives instant relief, and soon effects a complete and lasting cure. Every sufferer from eczema, rash, a bad leg, bad hands, face spots, or any other skin illness, should get a bottle at once. Tens of thousands testify that Antexema succeeded after doctors, hospitals and all else had failed. Non-greasy, does not soil the garments, is invisible on the skin, and is British right through.

Get Antexema To-day

All Chemists and stores, also Boots', Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis & Burrow's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Parke's supply Antexema at 1/3 and 3/-, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/- per bottle from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This famous Chef would work miracles in your kitchen

M. AMBLARD,
Chef de Cuisine,
Great Central Hotel, N.W.

BUT before he began his wonderful work he would insist on having close at hand what he calls "one of the best assistants a chef could desire"—Goodall's Egg Powder. Read his letter and recipe and see how he goes to work to make a first-class shortbread.

M. Amblard is one of nearly a score of the greatest chefs in Britain who have written recently to tell us how valuable they find Goodall's Egg Powder in their daily work. M. Stempfer, Chef to H.M. Queen Alexandra, refers to it as "the most efficient and valuable egg substitute I know"; whilst M. Andre Peythieu, the gifted Chef at the "Trocadero," considers it "quite the best at the public service."

M. Amblard's RECIPE:

SHORT BREAD

4 oz. Margarine.
2 oz. Sugar.
1 good tablespoonful of Goodall's Egg Powder.

Mix with a wooden spoon in a slightly warm basin, about 10 minutes, working until it is like a thick cream; add a teacupful of flour, a teacupful of corn flour, previously mixed together. Bake in a light oven.

(A litt'e Egg Powder diluted in about 2 tablespoonfuls Milk (cold) and added to melted butter sauce is a great improvement).

M. Amblard writes:

"I rely very greatly upon the use of Goodall's Egg Powder for my cakes, pastries and puddings.

I have been strongly impressed with its all-round excellence and its actual goodness in the place of eggs—a fact which I know was borne out by the analysis in the "Times" Food Supplement.

Goodall's Egg Powder is always ready for service, is quite easy to use, and goes so much further than eggs that I do not wonder at the great demand there is for it.

It is valuable indeed, for it quite covers the purpose of eggs at a nominal cost, and thus permits anyone to make attractive, nourishing and digestible pastry.

I have to thank you for one of the best assistants a chef could desire.

You have my permission to publish this letter and my photograph."

(Signed) M. AMBLARD, *Chef de Cuisine, Great Central Hotel, London, N.W.*

After such testimony as this, can you doubt that in

GOODALL'S EGG POWDER

there exists one of the best war-time kitchen helps you can desire? It will save you three-fourths of the cost of eggs, yet give you (even with the present flour), cakes of the most perfect quality and richness and flavour.

2d. packets; **9**d. and **1/6** tins.

NOT every grocer has it yet, but it is worth a little trouble to secure. Stocked by Harrods, Barkers, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and most of the best London and provincial grocers and Stores. Write us if you have any difficulty in obtaining.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Leeds.

REMEMBER THE Daily Chronicle's unrivalled WAR SERVICE

Hostilities are over: the peace is in the course of settlement.

The great story of how the world is re-shaping itself is being told day by day in the

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with the same fullness, authority and interest as was the great story of the War itself.

'DAILY CHRONICLE' Special Correspondents

are in all the Allied and Neutral capitals—they will be in those of our Enemies as early as possible—and every Evening are cabling ALL important news from these countries for the following day's paper.

The **'DAILY CHRONICLE'** is supporting the Coalition Candidates at the Election. Read in its columns why YOU should do so.

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The Empire's Great Army of Victory

SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Most Beneficial Results Obtained from this Popular Two-Minutes-a-Day Toilet Exercise.

1,000,000 "Victory Celebration" Hair-Health and Hair-Beautifying Outfits Free.

NOW that the severely trying days of War are over, men and women everywhere have the opportunity to give that time and attention necessary to the proper care of their general health and personal appearance, not the least important phase of which is the care of the hair.

Owing to the refreshing Scalp Massage involved in the practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" a feeling of lightness and brightness and readiness for daily increased output of work is freely described by thousands of people.

HAIR-DRILL IS ESSENTIAL TO HAIR-HEALTH.

In their unanimous praise of this great National Toilet practice, men and women everywhere endorse the uniform opinion of practically all of our Society Beauties and the most charming women of Stage, Revue, and Cinema. In fact, owing to the wide publicity given to the matter, and the enthusiastic recommendation and praise, it may now be stated with certainty that every section of the community are regularly practising and are full of praise of the popular "Drill."

By return you will receive this Four-Fold Gift:

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.

2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" Shampoo—the finest, purest,

Now is the time to prove that "Harlene Hair-Drill" will grow new hair. It is a pleasant toilet exercise in every way beneficial to the health of the hair. Write to-day for the 4-fold Free Outfit.

You will be pleasantly surprised the first time you practise "Hair-Drill," for it is a most delightfully refreshing toilet exercise. You will immediately wonder how you have done without it in the past.

and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."

4. A copy of the newly-published "Hair-Drill" Manual—the most authoritative and clearly-written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

ENRICH YOUR HAIR TO-DAY.

There is no excuse to-day for any man or woman having thin, brittle, weak or falling hair. "Harlene Hair-Drill" overcomes every kind of hair trouble, no matter from what cause it springs. It preserves the hair in health and it restores sickly hair back to health and beauty once more. You can prove this to-day by self-demonstration and prove it free of cost. Let "Harlene Hair-Drill" enrich your hair and increase its value to you.

"HARLENE" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and new strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, which will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 9d. per tin, with full directions). "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 1½d., per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each). Any or all of the preparations will be sent on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME FREE HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY GIFT.

You, as one of the nation's workers, can secure one of these hair-health parcels at once simply by posting the coupon below, together with your name and address, and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing of the parcel.

POST THIS FREE GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing of parcel to my address.

JOHN BULL, 7.12.18.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. [Mark envelope "Sample Dept."]

"DREADING THE ORDEAL."

Issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda: Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease have an absurd fear of going for treatment. They are ashamed to tell the doctor, or they are afraid that friends will get to know. But doctors are concerned with cure—not with blame. Their job is to get one well; that is all that interests them professionally. At the Venereal Clinic a case is treated with as much secrecy as with a private doctor. At the Hospital one merely goes to the Out-patients' Department Entrance, so that no one need know what is the matter.

It is mere folly to "dread the ordeal." The thing to dread is the awful consequence of neglecting the disease. It is of the utmost importance to undertake treatment *at once*. Every hour's delay means that the disease gets a firmer grip upon the system.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 51, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1., marking your envelope "Medical."

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ALL INVESTORS

should read the introductory article to the October, 1918, Quarterly Supplement (price 4d. post free) of

"THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS"

ENTITLED,

"POST-WAR INVESTMENTS,"

which deals fully and frankly with the present position and outlook of affairs from the point of view of the investor, large or small. The Quarterly Supplements contain up-to-date details of 100 specially selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from National War Bonds to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—particulars of further investments considered worthy of attention, a number of useful tables and hints of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of capital.

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IT CONTAINS NO HARMFUL INGREDIENT AND DOES NOT BLISTER

Of all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- a JAR or from HIRST, BROOKE & HIRST Co. LEEDS.

It instantly relieves
RHEUMATISM
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SORE THROAT.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home **IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years. **CHARLES RILEY Dept 19, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.** Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists

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Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

Marvels of the Universe

The great Lord Avebury, in his beautiful Introduction to "Marvels of the Universe," says:—"I often grieve to think how much happiness our fellow-men lose from their ignorance of science. If anyone is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pond, is full of interest to those who have eyes to see."

Not only the world that we inhabit, but the Universe of which it forms but a small part, is full of marvels. This magnificent work gives Nature's Marvels in the Heavens, the Earth, Plant Life, Animal Life, and the Mighty Deep—in other words, the cream of Nature's realm. Its field is even wider than our planet, for it includes the Sun, Moon, and Stars. On the other hand, with the aid of the microscope, it reveals the most minute marvels of animal and plant life. Between these two extremes—the infinitely great and the inconceivably small—comes a vast assemblage of marvels that may be seen by the unassisted eye, but which are in general passed by unrealised, if not actually unseen, for want of an efficient and friendly guide to point them out. "Marvels of the Universe" will bring great pleasure into your house.

It has cost over £10,000 to produce, and contains over 1,650 Illustrations, over 1,180 pages, about 1,000 Marvels, 64 Fine Coloured Plates, about 350,000 words and is written by over 40 Eminent Naturalists.

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